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AT MIDNIGHT.

BY C. L. MOORE.

The pallid moonlight through the casement drifts
A sea of silver-breaking spray, that falls
Shimmering down the darkly-shadowed walls
And oaken floor. Outside, the nightwind lifts
A rustling branch against the pane; it shifts
The shadow to and fro, and faintly calls
In soft sea-tones, learned where the slow foam crawls
In serpent-wreathed coils through craggy rifts.

O crooning west wind, dost thou bear to me
No greeting from one loved and far away?
Is there no message in thy whispering
To me awake, waiting to hear from thee
One tender prayer that her dear lips might say
Ere slumber shadowed her with drowsy wing?

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI—(CONTINUED).

THE subject had run itself out, and the conversation took another turn, but all the time it had been dealing with Blair Leyton, Margaret had sat with her eyes fixed on the cloth, her hand closed on the piece of bread, and when it had concluded she looked up and round about her, like one awaking from a dream.

The signora signalled to the ladies and rose, when the prince held up his hand.

"Pardon, my mother, but you have forgotten the toast."

"Ah, the toast, yes," she said, and with a placid smile sank down again.

The prince then filled the glass of the lady near him with wine, and leaning forward poured some into Margaret's glass.

"It is our custom on the night before our departure, Miss Leslie, to drink this toast: 'To our next meeting!'" and as he spoke, he rose and raised his glass.

All rose, ladies included, and lifted their glasses above their heads, and Margaret did the same. But her hand felt weak and tremulous. Blair's name was still ringing in her ears, and almost unconsciously she let the glass slip from her fingers. The red wine ran down her dress, where it made no sign, but reaching the table-cloth marked it with a blood-like stain.

The party looked rather grave, for it was considered a bad omen, but the prince, with his ever ready tact, laughed.

"Bravo, Miss Leslie!" he exclaimed. "That is the Greek fashion: you have secured the fulfilment of the toast by pouring a libation to the gods!"

She looked at him gratefully as his "bravo" was echoed by the rest of the gentlemen, and then she passed out with the ladies.

As if to dispel the slightly grave impression which poor Margaret's accident had produced, the men were merrier over their wine than usual, and the prince seemed, as in duty bound, the brightest of them all; but at intervals his handsome face grew grave and thoughtful.

At last they rose and sauntered into the salon; but the prince, instead of joining a group of ladies, walked through into the conservatory, and sinking into the seat on which Margaret had sat, folded his arms and gave himself up to reverie. He remained there for a quarter of an hour, then, with the firm yet light step peculiar to him, strode into the drawing-room, and going up to Margaret, who was seated, by herself, for a wonder, in a shady corner, bent down and said:

"Will you give me a few minutes?"

Margaret looked up at him almost pleadingly, but he met her gaze steadily, and with a little sigh she rose and laid her fingers on his arm.

He led her through a doorway opening to a portion of the terrace, which was enclosed by glass and occupied by some palms and statuary. The moon shone through the brown leaves and fell in white gleams upon the marble figures. Through the thick curtains the sound of the voices and music in the salon came fitfully, but the prince and Margaret were as little to be intruded on as if they were in the midst of a forest.

For a moment or two he stood looking up at the moon, as if he were choosing his words, then he turned to her, and laying his hand upon her white fingers, he said in a low but firm voice:

"You know why I asked you to be gracious enough to come here with me?"

Margaret remained silent, her heart beating heavily.

"Miss Leslie, to-morrow I leave Florence. I may not return for months, or I may get leave of absence and come back within a few days. It rests with you. The words I spoke to you the other night, they are what I would speak again now. Miss Leslie, I love you, will you be my wife?"

Margaret raised her pale face, and regarded him sorrowfully.

"Prince, it cannot be," she murmured. "Oh, I wish—I wish you had not told me."

"I could not do otherwise than tell you," he said gravely, and with a manly tenderness. "Why should I conceal that which my heart feels? And why cannot it be?" and his fingers closed over hers.

"You forget, prince, you are a nobleman, one of the noblest in Italy, and I——" she stopped.

If he but knew how far beneath and removed from him she was!

"It is true I am a nobleman," he said gently, his dark eyes seeking hers eagerly. "It may be true that you have no title, that to the world our rank may seem unequal; but I love you—you, Mary Leslie, and I should not love you better, it could make no difference to me if you were—well, Queen of England. Besides, have you forgotten that you have a rank that is all your own, won by your genius, a rank more exalted and worthy in my eyes than that of an empress. You are a famous artist, while I—I am but the wearer of a title and sundry decorations, which I share with a score of other men as insignificant in other ways. Ah! listen to me, dear Miss Leslie. I have never loved until I saw you. I cannot ever love anyone else. I can never hope to be happy unless I win you——"

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured, with deep agitation. "Do not say that, prince, for it can never be, never! never! Even if my rank equalled your own; even if——" she paused.

"Even if you loved me! Is that what you were going to say?" he inquired, his voice tremulous with suppressed passion. Ah, say it, dearest! Let me hear the sweet words from your lips! You shall love me! Yes, for I will win your love from you, even against yourself," and he made to draw her near to him, but Margaret drew back, her eyes regarding him pleadingly and sorrowfully.

"No, prince," she said almost inaudibly. "Even if I loved you I could not be your wife."

He waited while she gained strength to go on, waited with that chivalrous delicacy and patience which distinguished him.

"It is impossible, prince! Think what it is you do! You are asking me to share your rank, your noble name, one who is a stranger to you, of whom you know nothing, who may be anything that is base and unworthy——"

"Oh, stop!" he said pleadingly; "do I not know that you are all that is good and true and pure? Have I not lived in the same house with you? listened to your voice? A man blind to all else could not but see that you are worthy to be the wife of anyone, be he whom he may!"

"No," she murmured; "it cannot be! Let me go, prince! I will go away, far from Florence, from Italy——"

He stopped her with a sudden gesture, a glance of fear and dread.

"You—you are married?" he said.

Margaret started, then she shook her head.

"I am not married, prince; but there is a dark shadow in my life, a sorrow and a shame!"

Her voice faltered and broke, and her hand closed on his with a convulsive grasp.

"Shame!" he breathed.

"Yes, shame!" she said, nerving herself; "Now, prince, you know why it is that I cannot be your wife. Spare me, and let me go!"

He stood, white as the marble faces looking down at him, his eyes fixed on her face, yet scarcely seeming to see her.

"Shame!" he repeated, like a man who speaks during some horrible dream.

Margaret tried to shrink from him, but his hand held hers in a clasp of steel.

"Shame and—you!" he said at last. "You! Oh, it is impossible!"

Then he looked in her face bent low and humbly, like a drooping lily, and he uttered a faint cry. It was the cry of a man who had been mortally wounded.

There was silence for a moment, then he let her hand fall, and turned—not to forsake her, but to hide his face from her. Margaret waited a second, then crept closer to him.

"Will you—can you forgive me, prince?" she murmured brokenly. "I should not have come here, but—but I was sorely tempted. I was alone—alone, and craving for sympathy and love—and your mother and sister gave them to me. I had no right to enter their presence, much less to accept their love, but—ah, if you knew all!" and a sigh choked her voice.

"Tell me all!" he said, turning to her almost sternly; "tell me all—all! The name of the man——" he stopped, and his hands clenched tightly at his side.

Margaret shrank back with a look of fear.

"No, no!" she gasped; "not a word! It is all past and—and buried. I am as one that is dead to the world, and he—he is forgiven!"

"Forgiven!" he echoed. "Aye, by an angel; but we are not all angels! No; some of us are men!"

His face was so awful in its wrath and craving for vengeance that Margaret sprang to him and seized his arm.

"Prince, what would you do?"

He took her hand and dropped it from his arm with a little shudder, as if her touch had stung him; then, half-mad with love, half-frenzied by the passionate desire for vengeance on her behalf and his own, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I understand!" he said hoarsely; "oh, yes; I understand! He has wronged you—but you love him still!"

Margaret shrank back, and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes," he muttered; "you love him still. Heaven help me!"

Margaret's heart was wrung by the agony in that cry of a strong man mortally stricken, and in her anguish and pity she fell at his feet, sobbing bitterly.

He looked down at her for a moment, all his soul speaking in his white, working face, then he raised her and gently led her to a door leading to one of the staircases, and held back the curtain that she might pass through.

"Good-bye!" he said. "Do not be afraid that—that I shall torture you with my presence. You spoke of leaving the villa. Do not. I ask that much of you. Grant it to me."

With bowed head, Margaret passed through, and, letting the curtain fall, he stood for a while like one of the statues surrounding him; then, with a gesture terrible in its intensity, he raised one hand toward heaven, and vowed that he would know no rest till he had avenged her!

And so sprang into existence a foe to Blair more deadly than he had ever known—a foe spurred, not by personal hate, but by the passionate desire to wreak vengeance on behalf of the woman of whose love he had been robbed, whose life this unknown man had stained with shame.

And on that day, miles away, at Leyton Court, lay the great Earl of Ferrers—dying.

"What is the use of being a king if one must die?" exclaimed the Emperor Nero, who had caused death to others too often not to know what it meant.

The great earl, with half a dozen titles to his name, and half a county owning his sway, lay upon a couch in his sitting-room, upon which flickered the rays of the setting sun, fitly typifying his own approaching withdrawal beneath the horizon of this life.

At his side sat Violet Graham, who had been sent for in haste some few days back, and had remained in close attention upon the old man.

Near as he was to that grim door through which all mortality passes never to return, the earl still bore himself as a patrician should. The face was drawn and lined, the white hands were gray and transparent, but the eyes still shone calmly and resolutely.

"Has he come?" my dear?" he asked.

"Not yet, my lord," said Violet Graham, starting slightly and flushing faintly. "It is scarcely time, I think."

"I suppose he will come," said the earl dryly, "or will he find himself unable to leave the gaming table and his other pursuits for a few hours?"

"I—I do not think Blair plays much now, my lord," she said in a low voice.

"You do not know," he said grimly. "No one knows. His life is a mystery. Why has he not been near me?—when did you see him last?"

Her face paled as she remembered the night Blair had come to Park Lane and kissed her.

"Not—not very lately, sir. Not for some weeks."

"Then he may be abroad—at Monte Carlo or some other congenial place?"

"No," she said, in a low voice; "he has not left London."

He looked at her with the shrewdness of old age.

"You keep yourself informed of his movements: you care for him still, then?"

She did not answer, but her keen eyes met his for a moment, and her small restless fingers plucked at the edge of the silk shawl which she had thrown over him.

The earl sighed.

"The love of women!" he muttered. "It passes all comprehension. My poor girl!"

"Do not pity me, sir," she said. "Perhaps——" she stopped.

"You think all may yet be well?" he said, with suppressed eagerness and with a sudden flash of light in his eyes.

She did not reply, but he read her answer in her downcast face.

"It would save him!" he murmured. "But would it make you happy?" My poor Violet——"

"If not, then nothing else will," she said,

a deep red covering her face.

Before he could make any response, the door opened and a servant announced Viscount Leyton.

Violet Graham turned pale and, rising, passed out of the room by one door as Blair entered by the other.

The earl held out his hand; Blair, advancing quietly, took it, and the two men, the great earl and the one who would soon take his place, looked at each other; then the earl let Blair's hand drop, and sighed.

"Great Heavens!" he said, in a low, feeble voice, "judging by countenances we might well change places!" and he looked at Blair's haggard, but still handsome face.

Blair smiled grimly.

"What have you been doing? But no need to ask. Have you been trying to kill yourself?"

Blair smiled again, and then sank into a chair.

"Never mind me, sir," he said gently, and his voice, for it was soft as a woman's when he was moved, made the old man wince; "I am of no account. I did not know you were so ill until I got your letter—or rather, Violet Graham's. Are you better? I trust so."

"Oh, yes, I am better. I shall soon be quite well—if there is any truth in the pleasant things good people tell us of the other land. But I did not ask you to exchange sick-room commonplaces with a dying man——"

Blair laid his still strong hand upon the thin, shrivelled one.

"Don't talk of dying, sir! Please Heaven there are many years before you yet! You have not squandered your strength, as—as some of us have."

"Lord Leyton, for instance," said the earl, with a smile. "No, I won't talk of dying. We will talk of something more profitable. Blair, you will be the Earl of Ferrers presently; a few days, weeks, perhaps and you will be master of the Court. I have done my best for you, although you have done the worst for yourself."

"The very worst, sir," assented Blair, with the smile which, grim as it was, was still pleasant to see.

"The very worst! But it is not too late yet."

Blair looked hard at the carpet.

"Not too late! Blair, all your own property is gone, they tell me?"

"They tell you truly, sir," said poor Blair gravely.

"But there is still the Court, and there will be my own money! I have saved for years. You will be rich, even as rich men go now-a-days. Are you going to fling it all in the gutter, like that which has gone before?"

Blair remained silent. The old man watched the weary, haggard face keenly.

"I see! Ah, well! It will not matter to me, I suppose. But it is rather a pity, is it not? Ours is a good title, not a mushroom affair of yesterday. There are stones in the Court upon which Time and history have set their seal, and they are to be flung in the gutter, eh? And with the heart of one of the best girls in England to be broken——"

Blair started. For a second he had thought of Margaret, though he knew it was Violet Graham whom the earl meant.

"Poor girl! What fools men are!" he continued; then his voice grew pathetic in its earnestness and entreaty. "Blair, is it too late? You owe me something, I think; I know you owe something to your name and all that belongs to it. Is it too late? Think! A woman's love, a good woman's heart is too priceless to be spurned with a light laugh. Blair, I, your kinsman, lying here, dying, prefer one request. I do not ask you to spare this old roof or the wealth I leave you, but I do ask you to grasp the happiness within your reach. Will you make Violet your wife?"

Blair rose and paced the room. An agitation which seemed utterly beyond reason worked in his face. The old earl watched him in silence for a moment, then he said, with a sigh:

"I understand. You refuse?"

"No," said Blair, "I consent. I will marry Violet, if she wishes it, and, please Heaven, I will try and be less unworthy of her."

The earl raised himself on his elbow, and touched a silver bell, and fell back panting on his cushions, and as Blair bent over him, the door opened, and Violet entered.

Her quick eyes glanced at Blair questioningly, but before either of them could speak, the earl took her hand and said:

"Violet, Blair has asked you of me for his wife. What have you to say?"

Her face turned pale, then grew crimson, and she steadied herself by the head of the couch.

"Yes," she breathed, then just touching Blair's hand, she glided past him and fled to her own room.

The news spread with marvellous rapidity—for Violet told her maid within ten minutes of the proposal; but the interest that was excited was as nothing compared to that called forth by the further announcement that the marriage was to take place immediately.

The whims of dying men, especially when they are as great and as mighty as the Earl of Ferrers, must be regarded, and it was the desire of the earl that he should see his nephew, Blair, married to his ward, Violet Graham, before he died.

Under such circumstances it could not be anything but a quiet wedding; but even a quiet wedding between two young persons of their rank require some preparations, and though these were hastened by the expenditure of large sums of money, a week had elapsed since their betrothal before they stood hand in hand before the altar in the little chapel of the Court.

Never, perhaps, had Violet looked handsomer. She had loved Blair Leyton for years with a passion of which, fortunately for the general peace the fair sex alone is capable; and now she had got the desire of her heart, and he was her own!

The fulness of her happiness almost frightened her, and as she found courage to glance up at the pale, handsome face of the bridegroom, a sharp, sudden pang shot through her, the pang of a doubt and dread which she strove to kill even as she felt them.

Would she be able to win his love, or, after all her striving and its success, should she but own the shadow and semblance of the heart she craved for?

The little chapel was nearly empty, for only a few of the household had been permitted to view the ceremony, and no other guests had been invited.

At the request of Blair himself, an invitation had been sent to Austin Ambrose, but he had declined. It was, therefore, with some surprise, that Blair, as he returned from the altar with his wife—his wife!—upon his arm, saw Austin's tall, thin figure standing near the door.

The sight of him gave Blair a sudden chill, for it recalled that other church in sleepy Sefton, and that other bride whom he had lost forever, but whose image was still enshrined in his heart; but he summoned up a smile, and held out his hand to him.

"You have come after all then?" he said.

"Yes," said Austin, with his calm smile. "I found that I could not keep away, and so ventured to look in, just to see the ceremony."

Then he turned to Violet Graham, who, rather pale now, had stood silently regarding him.

"One inducement, Lady Leyton," he said, his eyes looking over her head and carefully avoiding hers, "one irresistible inducement was my desire to be among the first to wish your ladyship the happiness and joy you so well deserve!" and he held out his hand.

Lady Leyton's face grew even paler as she gave him her hand, but as he grasped hers a shudder ran through her, and her eyes sought his face with a quick glance of alarm, for his hand was so cold that it struck like an icicle even through her glove.

And yet, what could harm her? Was she not Blair's wife, the Viscountess Leyton, the future Countess of Ferrers!

So, with a smile, she passed on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHRISTMAS had gone and there was a vague suggestion of Spring in the air; but it was cold still, and a huge fire burned in the great drawing room of Leyton Court.

It was after dinner, and the room, though by no means full, contained a fair number of people, representing a small house party which had been spending the Christmas with the new earl; for the old earl had died a week after Blair and Violet Graham's wedding and thus Blair reigns in his stead.

Not only is he in possession of the old title and the estates and a large sum of money bequeathed by the old earl, but he has married one of the wealthiest young woman in England, and consequently the world speaks of Lord Blair with bated breadth, murmuring "Lucky beggar!" and sometimes adding "Just in time, too! Another month and he would have gone under, by George!"

And so they point him out to country cousins as he walks down Pall Mall, and whisper—

"The Earl of Ferrers—the famous Lord Leyton, you know," and his county neighbors regard him with awe not far short of adoration, and everybody, great and small, combines to envy him.

And yet—and yet—alas, it is always "and yet!"—my lord ought to be happy for he has every thing which ordinary mortals covet.

A great title, a vast estate, money galore, and a wife after whom all London was running; but Lord Ferrers does not altogether look a happy man, and it is whispered with bated breath that it is a difficult matter to get him to smile.

Some say that the long course of reckless dissipation has told upon his constitution and the general break up, which is always and inevitably the result of burning the candle at both ends has arrived.

And yet those who are intimate with him have never heard him complain, and it is notorious that there is no harder rider in the hunt, and that the earl can out-walk, out-box, and generally out-do any man of his age and weight, just as he always did.

There is not a stoop, not a sign of weakness in the stalwart, well-knit figure; the face is as handsome, is even more distinguished looking than ever; but there is a strange look upon it and the expression of utter weariness and lassitude, a far-off, preoccupied air which falls upon it whenever he is silent and alone.

And he is very silent of late, and very fond of being alone. Leyton Court is a charming place to visit, it is in very truth Liberty Hall, and so long as a guest does not bore his host or his fellow-guests, he may do just what he pleases.

And this freedom which is enjoyed by the guests, the earl claims for himself.

Sometimes days will pass without his being seen, excepting at the dinner-table, or for a few hours afterwards in the drawing-room; but while there he is a model of what a host should be.

Courteous, attentive, gentle-mannered, everything but the smiling and light-hearted Blair who is still remembered in the club land as the one man who never had the "blues!"

If he is attentive to his guests, to his wife he seems devoted. It is easy to gratify your wife's desires when you happen to be an earl, and wealthy to boot, but Blair, it would appear, aims at something higher than this; to anticipate the countess's wishes.

"Your rake makes the best husband!" exclaims a character in one of the Old Comedies, and it would really seem as if the saying were exemplified in Blair.

The countess never leaves the room, but he is at the door to open it for her.

In these days of sixteen-button gloves, that useful animal, man, has discovered a task suitable for his energies, but no man save her husband ever buttons the countess's gloves; it is he who assists her with her pony carriage, rides beside her in her morning gallop, turns her music at the piano, and is ever at hand to perform those hundred and one little offices which render a women's life so sweet to her.

And yet, and there is "and yet," alas! in the countess's case. She has got all she wanted: she is Blair's wife, and the Countess of Ferrers, the mistress of Leyton Court, and yet there is a look in her face, which seems the reflection of that which sits upon the earl's.

But she smiles enough, for women can smile while a hair-pin is running into their head, or their shoes pinches, or their souls racked by anguish; and Violet, smiles as smoothly, more smoothly than of old.

But there is a suspicious little line at the corners of her mouth, and an ominous shadow under the restless eyes, which are more restless and keen even than when she was Violet Graham, and the man she loved had deserted her for a girl named Margaret Hale—as she puts it to herself.

The hectic flush which Austin had noticed one evening in Park Lane is a frequent visitor since her marriage, and Blair, who notices everything connected with her, had suggested that Leyton did not suit her, but she had laughed and said that it was the healthiest place in the world, and that she was perfectly well, and that of all things she hated being out of England in the winter.

For the rest Austin is as close a friend of the countess as of the earl, much to the surprise and annoyance of their friends, to whom it is still a mystery what those two young people can see in him.

It is he who assists Blair in the management of his vast estates, interviewing tenants, engaging servants, etc., and it he who helps Lady Ferrers with her visiting lists, and executes all the little offices which a lady of rank and title is so glad to find someone to undertake.

This evening the countess is sitting in her accustomed chair, exquisitely dressed—it is said that she takes Austin's advice on this point also—and playing the part of hostess with admirable tact and judgment; but every now and then the keen observer might see that her eyes turned towards the earl, who leaned against the mantel, his hands folded behind him, his eyes bent on the ground, and that look on his face which had become habitual to it.

Presently the tall thin figure of Mr. Ambrose came between her and the earl, and sauntering up, stood beside him.

"Blair," he said, "here are the letters."

There was a late mail, and a special messenger brought the letters from the office to the Court.

Blair awoke with a little start, and then took them and then glanced at the address indifferently.

"One from Tyler and Driver, isn't there?" said Austin Ambrose.

Blair nodded.

"Yes," he said listlessly.

"I expect it is about the late earl's will" said Austin.

Blair walked into an ante room, and dropping into a chair, threw the letters on a writing table.

"See what they want, will you, Austin?" he said.

Austin took the letter and opened it.

"It is about that five thousand pounds, which the earl left to——"

Blair turned and leaned his head on his hand so that his face was concealed.

"Well?"

"They say that every effort has been made to discover Miss Hale's whereabouts, by advertisement and enquiries, and they can find no trace of her."

"Ah, no," said Blair.

"And they give the usual advice, that the money should be funded. It is the best plan."

"Yes, unless we tell the truth," said Blair in a low, sad voice. "Sometimes I think that I have been unwise, Austin, in keeping the story of—of my marriage, and my darling's death from Lady Ferrers."

It was always "Lady Ferrers," or "the countess," and seldom "Violet," or "my wife."

"Some day it will come out and she will feel my want of confidence. Yes, she ought to be told, and yet the telling of it would, I think, well nigh kill me. It is bad enough to dwell upon it all day long, as I do, but infinitely worse to put it into words. My poor Margaret!"

A furious look came into Austin's face, but his voice was low and even, as usual, as he replied.

"I think you would be very unwise, Blair! Why should you inflict unnecessary pain upon the countess? Why cause a coldness which may never be removed?"

"A coldness!" Blair exclaimed. "Could there be any greater coldness between us than exists at present? But I think you are right, or, at any rate, I am too great a coward to do it, at present. To tell these lawyers the story of my poor Margaret's death! No, I could not do it! Yet——" and he got up and walked a little way into the shadow.

Austin watched him closely.

"Take my advice, Blair, and while trouble sleeps, let it sleep! The past—that past is dead and done with! The poor girl is dead, and lost to human ken! Why provide the public prints with sensational paragraphs?"

Blair shuddered. The very thought of seeing Margaret's name figuring in the society journals, which would revel in her secret marriage and tragic death, was simply unendurable.

"No, I could not do it, and yet, I feel that it is due to my poor dead Margaret. I will think it over. If it should be done, if it is my duty to do it, I will do it," he added, with mournful firmness. "See what the other letters are about, will you, if it isn't too much trouble."

"Not a bit; it amuses me to flatter myself I am of some use to you," was the prompt reply, as the speaker sat down to the table.

Blair strolled back to the drawing-room. Someone was playing, and the vast room was filled with the music. For a moment Violet seemed left alone, and with the courtesy which never deserted him, Blair walked across to her and took a chair by hers.

The two spots of red burnt brightly on her cheeks, and her eyes which had been fixed restlessly on the opening to the ante room while he had been absent, now turned towards him with a half wistful smile, which grew more wistful still as she saw the look on his face.

"You look tired, Blair."

"Tired! Do I? I am not in the least," he replied.

"All this bores you, does it not?" she asked, glancing around at the company.

"Not at all," he replied, with a smile. "Why should it? They do not interfere with me——"

"No, nothing is permitted to interfere with you," she broke in, with sudden bitterness. "So that you are left alone, you are—satisfied. Is that not so, Blair?"

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, with grave earnestness. "Believe me, Violet, you have only to express a wish and——"

"And you will gratify it. I know!" she retorted, with a laugh that sounded hard and cold. "You are the model husband they all declare you, Blair. No, I haven't a wish, excepting, perhaps—but it isn't worth mentioning."

"What is it?"

"Well, then, you should make me happy by being a little happier yourself. That is all."

A pained look came into his eyes.

"Do you think I am not happy?" he said, trying to smile away her gravity.

"Do I think it is summer, and that this is gold!" she retorted, touching her silver bracelet with her fan. "Blair"—and her voice was full of entreaty—"tell me what it is that I lack, tell me what I can do to send that cloud from your brow. Will you never be like your old self—never?"

He forced a laugh, and put his hand on her arm with a caress that was gentle enough, if it had no love in it.

"Our old selves have a trick of disappearing, Violet," he said, "and once they are gone——" he stopped significantly. "And I think most people would admit that it is a good thing my old self cannot come back!"

"Not I!" she said, in a low, quiet voice. "I would rather have you as you were. Yes; I know!—with all your wildness. I would rather you were unkind to me—struck me!—than as you are."

He half rose, then sank back again with a troubled sigh.

"You are wild enough for us both to-night, Violet," he said, trying to speak lightly. "Have you been reading some of the latest romances, or is it the professor's music that has affected you?"

She looked at him fixedly, and the color died out from her face, leaving it waxen pale.

"Yes, that is it," she said; "it is the music. It always did affect me," and she laughed.

He looked at her anxiously.

"Violet this place does not suit you," he said. "You are looking pale and ill. It is my fault: I ought to have taken you abroad. You will go, will you not?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, yes, if you like. I am perfectly indifferent. But I am quite well, all the same."

He was silent a moment, then he touched her hand, and with a tone of entreaty in his grave voice, said:

"Violet, do not let us quarrel. There is nothing I would not do to bring you happiness——"

"Except being happy yourself," she retorted sharply. "But as you say, perhaps we had better go away. There is a good deal of east wind here, is there not?"

He did not reply, and someone coming up to them, he rose and surrendered the chair as a matter of course, and a moment or two afterwards he heard her laugh as if nothing had passed between them.

He walked about the room for some minutes, absently looking at the pictures, or exchanging a word with one person and another, then sauntered into the ante-room to consult Austin as to the best place to take the countess, but that gentleman had left the room; and, ascertaining from a servant that he had gone into the library, Blair followed him with the same listless step.

As he opened the library door he heard voices and saw that Austin was not alone. A thin, gentlemanly man was seated opposite him, a stranger to Blair, and he drew back.

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were alone, Austin," he said.

"Don't go," said Austin. "This is the earl, Mr. Snowdon; this is Mr. Snowdon, the detective, Blair."

The gentlemanly man rose and bowed respectfully, and remained standing until Blair motioned to him to resume his seat.

"Mr. Snowdon has come to report on his inquiries respecting Miss Margaret Hale," said Austin quickly but fluently, and giving the man no chance to speak. "He simply confirms Tyler and Driver's letter. No trace of Miss Hale can be found, unfortunately; that is so, I think, Mr. Snowdon?"

"Quite so," assented the detective respectfully.

Blair stood with his hand pressed on the table, his face white and drawn.

"Thank you!" he said. "Yes, yes."

He stood silently for a moment, and then left the room without another word.

Austin quickly rose and slipped the bolt in the door.

"You were mad to come down here!" he exclaimed, in a low, angry voice.

"I am very sorry," said the detective humbly; "but you told me to let you know immediately if I got a clue, and I don't like writing: there's no knowing where a piece of paper will go to."

"Well, well!" said Austin. "Now tell me as quickly as you can," and he sank into the chair with an affectation of indifference which the close compression of his hands and the glint of his dark eyes belied.

The detective took a note-book from his pocket.

"First of all, sir, I've to admit that you were right and I was wrong. The young lady was not drowned on that rock."

"I know that!" exclaimed Austin, with impatient contempt. "Get on."

"And you were right in supposing that the Days had had a hand in getting her away—not that I got any information from them; I'll do them that credit. Close as wax, both of 'em. I traced them down to Cardiff, and lodged in their house for a fortnight; but if I'd stayed twenty years, I don't believe I'd have got any light on the matter. If it hadn't been for an accident I'm afraid I should still be in the dark. They say drink's the greatest curse on earth, sir; but it's the greatest blessing for our profession. If it hadn't been for the second mate of the 'Rose of Devon,' I shouldn't have earned my money, Mr. Ambrose. I've had some tough business to do for you now and again, but this was the very toughest I ever had in hand."

Austin Ambrose sat perfectly still, apparently patient, but his hands closed and unclosed with a spasmodic movement.

"From this sailor I discovered that the 'Rose' had picked up the Days and a young lady one night, off the Devon coast, and an extra glass of brandy induced him to admit that she'd sailed in the 'Rose' to Brest. Just at point he grew cautious, and shut up like an oyster, as I didn't want to rouse his suspicions I didn't try him any further, but started for Brest. At Brest I found that my man was correct. The 'Rose' did have a lady on board. Two persons saw her land, and noticed her, as French people will! Great admirers of the fair sex, the French, Mr. Ambrose! One of them, the harbor-master, could even give me a description of her. There it is: you'll know best whether there can be any doubt or no."

Austin did not snatch the paper from his hand, but let it lie on the table for a second or two, then he took it up and read it, and, self-possessed as he was could not help an exclamation of triumph.

"It is she! She is alive! Well?" he demanded quietly: "go on!"

"Well, sir," said the detective, "having made certain of the young lady's being still in the land of living, I posted straight off for England. Your instructions were, Mr. Ambrose, that I was to come to you the moment I found out that she was alive. I could have traced her from Brest easily enough——"

"I know! I know!" interrupted Austin Ambrose. "You have carried out my instructions! A French detective will do the rest. She landed there—she did not go aboard again, you say?"

The detective hesitated for a second.

As a matter of fact, he was not certain on the point; but your detective never likes to admit that he does not know everything, so, after the imperceptible hesitation, he said glibly enough:

"No, Mr. Ambrose, she went straight on by land. She's in France, most likely in Paris,—for certain. Large cities are generally chosen by people who want to hide securely, every child knows that."

"Yes, yes," muttered Austin. She is in Paris.

He rose and took out his pocket-book.

"I am much obliged to you, Snowden. The matter can rest here now. I wanted to be certain of the young lady's existence, and for the rest, well I daresay I can find her if I should require her, which at present I do not. There is the sum I promised you, and there is a bonus. To say that I can trust you would be superfluous?"

"Quite superfluous, sir," assented the man earnestly; "a detective who once sold his employer would be ruined, as he deserved.

Mr. Austin Ambrose nodded.

"You will find it to your interest to deserve my confidence, Snowden," he said, "and now make yourself scarce as quickly and quietly as possible."

"If you will kindly open that window, sir," said the detective quietly, "I need not disturb any of the servants. I can find my way across the park," and with a respectful farewell he passed out.

Austin stood and mused, his sharp brain turning the situation this way and that.

Then he looked up and smiled at his own face reflected in the mirror over the mantel.

"The hour is nearly come," he murmured, in the tone of a man who, half starving, sees a prospect of a rich and plentiful meal; "very nearly. But it must not be here. There must be no scandal, no gaping friends and acquaintances to make a fuss. No, not in England."

An hour afterwards he re-entered the drawing room, with his usual placid smile and all his plans made.

Most of the men had gone to the smoking-room, and only a few of the ladies remained.

Lying on the couch was the countess. Her fingers were picking restlessly at the edge of the Indian shawl, a habit she had, and as she looked up, he saw that her face was pale and troubled.

He bent over the head of the couch murmuring softly:

"Not in bed yet? You ladies are as dissipated as we men."

"Yes, this is dreadful dissipation, is it not?" she retorted ironically.

"You look tired," he said. "Violet, I don't think this air suits you——"

She laughed sarcastically.

"Really you are too transparent. Blair has been telling you I want a change and you can't summon up courage to tell me so openly! What cowards men are!"

Austin's pale face flushed. Was it fated that chance should help him at every move of his game?

"Blair has not been speaking to me," he said. "But all the same I think you should go away, both of you. He looks bored, don't you think; rather off tone——"

"No, I don't think—I am sure," she retorted.

"Leyton never is very good in the winter, I believe," he said hastily. "What do you say to—Naples for instance?"

"What do you say?" she responded, her keen eyes seeking his fixed steadily upon some point above her head. "That is the question, because whatever place you say will doubtless be the one selected. I wonder why you take such an interest in us both?" and her eyes grew hard as steel.

He laughed softly, and his hand, resting on the head of the couch, just touched her hair as if by accident.

"Oh, an old friend——"

She laughed, a little, incredulous laugh.

"Even that does not explain it. It is a riddle that has occurred to me very often lately, but I can't even guess at it."

"I will tell you some day," he said smiling. "And I can say that you would like Naples?"

"You can say that I am pining for it, that it is the one desire of my heart, that I shall die if I'm not taken there at once and——"

His face contracted suddenly.

"Don't jest on such a gruesome topic," he said. "Joking apart, I will venture to prophecy that you will be happier at Naples than you have ever been in your life! It is so warm there."

"Even that will not be wonderful," she retorted; then suddenly her voice changed and she looked up at him almost fiercely. "Do you think it will be warm enough to thaw Blair's heart? Austin, will he never forget that girl? Oh, Heaven! how I hate her!"

"Hush!" he said, in a low voice. "You forget—the dead!"

"No," she retorted, the bright spots burning fiercely on her cheeks, her eyes glittering like dagger points; "I hate her more now she is dead, for if she had lived he would have tired of her, but now she comes between us like a ghost; and you cannot get rid of that for me, even you, clever as you are, Austin!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE latest device for attracting the attention of possible purchasers which has been adopted by several Paris shopkeepers," says a Paris correspondent, "is an immovable boy. Outside a clothier's, for instance, the 'boy' stands, without moving a muscle, and bears on his carcass the newest fashion blouses or corduroys. Passers-by are easily attracted by the remarkable figure, which they take to be an effigy in waxwork. The boy has been well drilled and lives up to his work. He smiles not, neither does he wink, nor does he betray by the slightest sign, token or movement that he has anything in common with the ordinary, palpitating and effervescing specimen of humanity, 'the 'Boulevard boy.' "

Bric-a-Brac.

MARCH AND LENT.—Romulus, the first Roman Emperor, gave this name to the month when he divided the year, in honor of his supposed father, Mars. He also made it the first month of the year. It was under the protection of the goddess Minerva and always contained thirty-one days. The Saxons gave it the name Lenet Monath, "because," according to Verstegan, "the days did then begin in length to exceed the night. And being so called, when they received Christianity, and consequently the custom of fasting, they call this season the Fast of Lenet; hereof it cometh that we now call it Lent."

THE BEARD.—The Persian kings are said to have interwoven their beards with gold threads. It is customary among the Turks to anoint the beard with perfume, and to smoke it with incense. The Jews also anointed their beards. The Moslems commonly clipped their whiskers, the Jews did not. The Egyptians shaved their beards except in the time of mourning when they let them grow; from some of the ancient Egyptian statues, however, it would appear that beard-cases were worn, which may indicate that the practice of shaving was not universal. The fashion of beards have been very different at different times and in different countries.

THE SHOES.—In many parts of the country the following lines are believed to be true with regard to the wearing of shoes:

Tip at the toe, live to see woe;
Wear at the side, live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball, live to spend all;
Wear at the heel, live to save a deal.

A most unique superstition about shoes tells us that, if a young lady be desirous of dreaming of her absent lover, it is only necessary to go through the following formula, previous to retiring for the night:

Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T.

BOOKS.—Books were originally bound in oaken boards, such being the manner in which was found the manuscript copy of the four Evangelists, the book on which the Kings of England, from Henry I. to Edward VI. took the coronation oath. Velvet was used in the fourteenth century and silk soon after. Vellum was introduced early in the fifteenth century, and leather about the same time.

TAKING THE HINDMOST.—The old saying of the devil taking the hindmost has an odd origin: the Basutos, of Africa, who think that if a man walks on a river-bank, a crocodile may see his shadow and draw him in; the Zulus, who hold that dead body casts no shadow, etc. Savages are unwilling to have their photographs taken lest a portion of themselves be carried off. In Aryan folklore, the witches' shadows attend the infernal sabbath, while their bodies lie at home asleep. In Spain and Germany there are several legends of men who lost their shadows to the devil. In both Bronsand Salamanca, the devil is said to have established schools of magic on the condition that the last to leave the school become his slave. In both places the last scholar maintained that his shadow, which fell behind him as he crossed the threshold, was the last to leave, and the devil was the last to leave and the devil was forced to abide by this reasoning—that is to take the hindmost.

THE WORLD'S BIBLES.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahommedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavian's the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century B.C. There is nothing of excellence in the sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, king meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B.C.

SOME one says that an umbrella will last much longer if it is placed with the handle downwards to dry. To preserve it still longer, attach it to your body with a chain and padlock.

SILENCE AND FATE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

'Tis night, and the moonlight's cold beauty,
Rests soft on the white marble stair
That goes up to the door of the temple,
The Temple that mortals call Prayer.

'Neath this black cypress tree in the shadows,
I watch earth's weary—who go
Thro' the light that gleams from the portal,
With faces care-lined and with woe.

Hist!—there passes before me a woman,
With face resigned and so fair;
A face that the angels doth covet,
As she enters the Temple of Prayer.

I spring from the darkness to follow,
But the statue of silence stand there;
And Fate draws me back in the shadows,
Away from the Temple of Prayer.

And I know as I stand 'neath this cypress,
As still and as quiet as stone;
With Silence and Fate for my comrades,
I shall stand here forever alone.

LOYAL AND TRUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO LOVERS—" LOVERS," "MURIEL'S FRIEND," "A INNOCENT ESCAPE," "CARRIED BY STRATAGEM," "A SPIRIT OF PEACE," ETC.

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED).

MRS. THOMPSON went to her sister's room to lay the story before her and consult her as to what should be done.

"James Brown is on the very point of proposing," said aunt Rachel, in great distress. "If he gets an inkling of this, he will not think of her any more, and it would be such a match! How has Archibel got into an intrigue of this kind? I have always looked after her so carefully."

"It may not be true," Lady Featherstonehaugh suggested. "It seems most unlikely."

"Even if it is not true, James Brown may hear of it, and the result will be all the same."

"Make him propose to-day, before he hears."

"But if she won't accept him? If this is true, she seems to have a lover of her own—and I took such care of her!" aunt Rachel added regretfully.

"Ask her if it is true when she comes in."

"I cannot," said Mrs. Thompson. "There would be a scene, whether it were true or not, and she would not be in a fit state of mind to receive an offer. I will say nothing, but I shall give James a hint to lose no time."

"Who can that man be?" wondered Lady Featherstonehaugh.

"Miller says he is an artist who is staying at Milham Hall. I remember seeing him painting the day we looked through. Archibel must have made his acquaintance then; she did disappear for a short time, don't you remember? He must be a very bad young man, for I brought her up so well, I am sure she would not have done such a thing if she had not been led away."

"I don't believe one half of the story," said Lady Featherstonehaugh in her decided way. "It is too preposterious. Rely upon it, Archibel has met this young man accidentally two or three times, and has allowed him to talk to her, and that is the whole truth. As for this morning's story, she has probably been watching him painting at the Hermitage, and the servants have drawn upon their imagination for the rest. There she is, coming in, in pink—and a white shawl certainly."

Though Mrs. Thompson said so little when she met her niece in the hall, she felt more uneasy than ever as she watched her at breakfast.

There was a bright excitement about the girl that was quite new.

When a ride was suggested for the morning, she entered the project joyously, not in the half-resigned, half-protesting way that had been hers of late.

When they were ready, Archibel and Jenny in their habits, and Jim in attendance, Mrs. Thompson came into the hall.

"Jenney love," she said, "would you mind very much missing your ride? Constance would like you to show her your crystoleum-painting again. She is coloring a photograph that must be ready for a birthday, and she is in a hurry to complete it."

Of course Jenny gave up her ride, and Archibel and Jim set off together. It was a lovely morning.

Archibel loved riding, though she did not look her best on horseback—the dark habit and hat made her hair seem too red, and her figure was not sufficiently developed to pass muster in Rotten Row; but she looked young and fresh and happy, and was too much at home in her saddle to be ungraceful; and in Jim's eyes she looked as lovely as Guinevere did in Lancelot's, when he escorted her to her bridal from Camelliard in the "boyhood of the year."

Her aunts awaited her return as a beleaguered garrison awaits relief. Lady Featherstonehaugh, who was the less interested, contrived to distract her mind by crystoleum-painting, under Jenny Brown's instruction.

Mrs. Thompson however was beyond all power of subterfuge.

She went to her own room and watched from the window for the return of the young couple.

She tried to prepare for disappointment by telling herself that Jim would certainly not propose to-day, having plenty of time before him; he would never dream that it was expected of him, so he would come home uncommitted and hear these amazing stories about Archibel's doings.

Why had she not gone to him in a straightforward way and told him to propose this morning?

She knew he was in love with the girl—it was such a good opportunity; and a girl of seventeen would be too delighted to have a real offer to think of refusing.

She felt quite worn out with hope and fear by one o'clock, when down the distant high-road she saw the young people returning.

She watched their faces eagerly as they rode up to the door. One thing was certain; Jim had not been refused. They were laughing heartily as they passed under the window.

She did not laugh just after the lamented Mr. Thompson proposed to her; she did not think people ever laughed at such a crisis in their lives.

She could not help going down to meet Archibel.

"Well?" she said eagerly, looking into the girl's fresh wind-blown face for some sign—a blush, or perhaps a tear of joy.

"Well," echoed Archibel, "here we are, safe and sound!"

"Has anything happened?" asked aunt Rachel.

They were alone in the hall, Jim having gone round to see the horses stabled.

"No," replied Archibel, puzzled by her aunt's excited manner. "Have there been rumors of an accident? Did you expect us to be brought home on shutters or in little pieces? We had a capital ride—such a fast one that we could hardly speak."

"It is very inconsiderate of you," Mrs. Thompson cried, in the soreness of her disappointment. "It is most unladylike to ride so fast. The idea of galloping till you could not speak!"

It was too bad; if they had even gone just a little faster, Archibel might have had a nice little harmless accident that would have served to bring Jim to the point; but they seemed to have gone exactly at the pace that was of no use for anything.

She must try a more decided step. She would take Archibel suddenly away from Ashlands, and give Jim about a day's warning of the change of plans.

In the afternoon the Rector's wife called. She was the one person in the place on visiting terms with Lady Benning, and she was never known to keep up a conversation for ten minutes without introducing her ladyship's name in some anecdote illustrative of their intimacy.

"Such a pity the Benningtons could come only for a flying visit!" she remarked. "They are all going abroad, and the house will be shut up until Easter; even young Thorold, Lady Bennington's nephew, is going away shortly. He told me this morning that he is going to Tirol."

"I have seen him painting in the gallery," said Mrs. Thompson with ponderous carelessness, keeping her eyes fixed upon the Rector's wife and not looking at Archibel. "What kind of a man is he? I don't care much for artists."

"Oh, he is charming!" replied Mrs. Steel. "He has broken hearts right and left, his aunt told me; all the women are in love with him. I fancy he is like all artists, quite a Bohemian—no principles, always in debt. He hasn't a penny of his own, and his mother is not rich—a widow with a large family. Of course, if Flossy and Ida were out of the nursery, I would not have him about the house; but just to see him now and then, as I do, is most amusing; it is a glimpse into another world."

"A very wicked world," commented Mrs. Thompson, shaking her head.

"I know who is wicked," thought Archibel, "What a slanderous, uncharitable woman you are, to be sure—and a clergyman's wife too!"

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. THOMPSON was very unhappy indeed; when Mrs. Steel had gone, and she dared look at Archibel, she saw consciousness in every line of the girl's face.

It was her manifest duty to ask her if she knew Mr. Thorold; but she dreaded disturbing the waters until James Brown had angled for his fish.

She again questioned the maid, and even sent her to the gardener to hear his story once more. It was all singularly clear and free from contradiction.

The only thing to do was to watch Archibel closely and prevent any more meetings, and to make every opportunity for Jim that he might settle the matter for himself.

Yet her conscience was uneasy. She knew she ought to speak to her niece at once upon such a delicate matter, and she felt that it was very mean to seek for secret information from the servants; but, oh, if by taking a false step she should blight for ever her hopes of securing this most desirable match!

Surely such an end justified any means, even though they were rather—only rather—doubtful!

Archibel herself seemed to make the much-desired opportunity for Jim. She wanted to be alone when dinner was over.

The sun was sinking in the west, and the eastern side of the garden was in twilight. It was just the time to dream over her new happiness, and wonder at it and think about to-morrow.

She went out through the French window into the garden; her aunts were apparently asleep, and James Brown was absorbed in a newspaper; Jenny was playing soft little bits of Schumann.

"She is off again!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, the present danger banishing for the moment caution and even self-control.

She started from her seat as if she meant to run after the truant and bring her forcibly back, but Jim put down his paper, surprised by her exclamation, and asked:

"Is anything the matter?"

Mrs. Thompson at once saw her opportunity, and seized it.

"That naughty girl has gone out without a hat or shawl, and the dew is falling. Would you kindly fetch her in, or take her a shawl?"

Jim willingly obeyed, but forgot about the shawl, as Archibel was nearly out of sight, and he had to run to overtake her.

She heard him coming after her, and she looked desperately round for a hiding-place, but there was none, so she stopped and asked impatiently:

"What is the matter? Does anybody want me?"

"Your aunt thinks you will catch cold."

She tossed her head scornfully.

"How ridiculous! Why does she give you the trouble of coming out here to tell me that?"

"It is no trouble," returned Jim. "It is very pleasant out here, and not at all cold or damp."

"Well, I suppose I must go in," she said. "I don't want to keep you from your newspaper."

She spoke so pettishly that the absurdity of it struck her, and she laughed. Jim laughed too, remarking:

"I think as it is so warm, and I have nothing better to do than read a newspaper, we might as well stay out a little longer."

"Very well," agreed Archibel resignedly. "It is very nice here. How strong those roses smell in the evening! I must have some of those lovely ones there."

"I will get them," said Jim. "Your shoes are too thin, and the grass may be damp."

He went over a grass-plot to a great bush of creamy blossoms and sought her out the loveliest.

"How very nice he looks in his evening-dress!" thought Archibel.

Of course he did not look so picturesque as somebody else did in dark green velveteen, but then he looked so much more like a part of the reality—and the pleasant reality—of life.

"How good of you to risk damp feet and influenza for me!" said Archibel, holding out her hand for the roses. As she touched them, their hands met.

"Archibel, don't you know that I love you?" he stammered. "I would risk my life for you."

She was so startled by the suddenness of it that she could say nothing. She tried to pull her hand away, but he held it firmly—roses and all.

"Archibel, do tell me that you like me a little!" he went on; and his eyes looked very earnestly into hers, deepened by the evening shadows. "I don't expect you to do more at present—you are so young; but I should like you to know that I love you dearly and that I want you for my wife."

"But I can't be that," she gasped sorrowfully.

He looked so nice and spoke so earnestly that she was genuinely sorry for him.

"Why not?" he asked. "Do you dislike me?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"And you—there isn't anybody else?" he asked.

She released her hand from his clasp and turned away.

"Is there somebody else?" he repeated, pained but still incredulous.

"Somebody else—where?" asked Archibel confusedly. "What kind of a somebody?"

"Are you not free?" he asked. "I am sure you are. You do not love another man?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried again, covering her face with her hands and the bunch of roses.

"Then why can't you marry me?" he questioned, a little relieved but very much puzzled.

She did not answer. He put his arm gently round her, and she did not resist beyond a little ineffectual twitch.

"Tell me, Archibel, if you love any one else?"

"No, I don't love him," she answered, with a gasp.

"Him? Then there is a 'him'!" he said jealously. "But if you don't love him, then it makes no difference; there is no reason why you should not love me. I can guess what it is," Jim added, with an effort at serenity. "It is some one at home with whom you have been brought up, and he has taken it into his head that——"

"No, no!" interrupted Archibel. "It is nobody at home."

"Then when have you had the opportunity?" asked Jim. "You are so young; and I am sure your aunt knows nothing of it. If you have made a conditional promise, you are not bound to it, you know, if you do not really wish to keep it, as I think you do not."

"I haven't made any promise; don't tell any of them. I am very sorry, but I cannot do what you want; but I like you very much—it's not because I don't like you."

"I shall say no more, then," he said rather stiffly. "Of course I cannot compel your confidence, as you wish to keep your affairs secret, a mystery I should say."

He was disappointed in her, and Archibel knew it by his tone and manner. He thought her underhand and deceitful, and she could not bear it.

"Don't think unkindly of me," she pleaded, tears coming into her eyes.

"You don't care what I think," he returned sadly. "Perhaps we had better go in; it is getting cold now."

They walked back in silence. Archibel was thinking, "If only I had not seen him, I could have liked Jim. I wish he would not think me sly and deceitful."

She felt quite angry with Oswin Thorold, because through him she should have lost this other love; and yet she could not have had both; and of course Oswin's was the best worth having—he was so handsome and said such charming things.

She was sure he would despise James Brown, and if he ever heard that she was going to marry James Brown he would despise her too.

It was more from sensitiveness as to what Oswin would think on the subject than from any distinct hopes or feelings with regard to himself that made her so averse to the idea of marrying Jim, and the knowledge that to let Jim love her was to part her for ever from Oswin.

And yet she was glad Jim loved her, and she did not want him to cease loving her, much less to dislike her for being underhand; and when she was in the house again, and realized that she had had an offer of marriage—that some one else was really, truly, honestly in love with her, she thrilled with pleasant excitement.

Mrs. Thompson was certain that the expected event had happened, but horribly uncertain as to the result of it.

Jim did not go sit beside Archibel, nor did he come at once to her aunts with good news.

He went to Jenny and pretended to be interested in her work. After a few minutes he said he was going to indulge in a cigar, and went out.

Aunt Rachel could bear the suspense no longer. She knew he had put the question, and she followed him out to ascertain the answer.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked.

He flushed, but answered steadily:

"I have been asking Archibel to marry me. I am afraid I was too——"

"Too soon?" Mrs. Thompson quickly gasped.

"No; too late. It seems there is somebody else."

"No, there is not. Did she say there was? Did she say who it was? I am quite certain there is nobody. She is young, and does not know her own mind."

Then Jim remembered he had not to tell.

"I may be mistaken," he said; "but she does not care for me."

"She is a silly, fanciful child," declared Mrs. Thompson angrily. "She has filled her head with a lot of romantic nonsense; she knows a young artist very slightly, and I suppose he is at the bottom of it; but she really hardly knows him at all, and she will never see him again, I promise you. It is only a sentimental fancy. She hasn't seen him more than twice."

Jim's countenance cleared. He thought he understood.

"Thank you, Mrs. Thompson," he said. "I will take hope and try again, for I am sure she likes me a little. She cannot care for a man she has only seen twice, and she will soon forget him. She is very romantic, and of course I surprised her."

So Mrs. Thompson went to bed a tolerably happy woman. Archibel should never see this marplot again; she should be watched day and night, and her romantic fancy would soon be starved out.

It was possible that another meeting in the early morning might be meditated; but the weasel would not be more wakeful or the lark earlier astir than aunt Rachel; and Archibel should not leave the house if bolts and bars were to be called into service. The last thing she told her maid was to bring her word if Miss Lindsay rose early.

Unfortunately Mrs. Thompson's mind was so much at ease that she slept too long and too soundly, and the maid did not awake until the sound of the side-door opening penetrated her slumbers.

As soon as she was wide awake, she ran to the window just in time to see a white figure disappearing across the lawn.

She rushed at once to her mistress' room; but it took fully a minute to arouse Mrs. Thompson; then several minutes were wasted in useless scolding; and after that it took the elderly lady some time to rise and dress, even with her maid's assistance.

Thus Archibel secured a good start, and reached the Hermitage after the enthusiastic artist had got there himself.

"I was so afraid you might be prevented again," he said.

He wasted no time in saying pretty things, but posed her at once, and began to paint as if his life depended on it.

She was disappointed; she had gone to him with a heart overflowing, and yet athirst for more draughts of delight, and he seemed to care for nothing but the picture.

It was dull to stand for so long in one position; it seemed so much longer because he did not speak. At last she said:

"May I not sit down?"

"Are you tired?" he inquired in a tone of surprise. "You can rest for a few minutes; sit or walk about."

She walked up to the easel and looked at the picture.

"Am I like that?" she asked, in some-

thing very like a tone of disgust.

Surely she was not so bilious of complexion, so disjointed of form.

"I may have idolised you somewhat," he replied; "but it is a faithful likeness."

"I think you might have given me a little more color; and are there really all those dark lines about my face?" she asked diffidently.

She was dreadfully disappointed, but she did not want to offend him.

"More color? Thank your destinies you have not more color. The lines under your eyes are there, so they must be painted. Truth is the soul of art. There is no beauty without truth, and truth is beauty. Those violet shadows beneath the eyelashes are beautiful."

This sounded very nice; still Archibel wished he had made her look prettier. Then the door opened and her aunt walked in.

"Archibel, come home directly!" she said sternly, not vouchsafing a glance or a word to the artist, who had arisen in dismay, not because he had been caught in an equivocal position, but because he was afraid his picture might be spoilt by this untimely interference. "Take that thing off!"—pointing at the draped white shawl. "Come at once!"

"I am extremely sorry," began Mr. Thoroid sweetly.

He must conciliate this guardian dragon or his picture would be ruined; but he might as well have spoken to the wind.

Mrs. Thompson did not even condescend to glance at him; she treated him just as if he were an inanimate thing. She took Archibel by the arm and led her away.

"Aunt, how can you be so rude?" Archibel cried angrily. "What harm was there in having my portrait painted? How could you—how could you? He will be so shocked—he will think it is so rude, so ill-bred; and his picture will be spoilt!"

"His picture had better be spoilt than your whole life, Archibel," said her aunt shortly.

"My life will not be spoilt—it was no life at all till I knew him!" she cried passionately. "You are spoiling it now. I will never—never—never marry James Brown, if that is why you are tearing me away from him!"

"And are you going to marry that fellow?" asked her aunt scornfully.

"I will marry nobody else," answered Archibel fiercely.

It was the first time she had put the idea of marrying Oswin into words; but her anger had swept away her shyness and all the tender veiling with which she had hidden her dreams.

"Has he asked you to marry him, Archibel," her aunt asked gravely, "and have you said 'Yes'?"

"You put things so coarsely!" cried Archibel, her voice sharpened by a new pang as she recognised the fact that he had not asked her to marry him or even asked for her love.

But she knew—she knew he loved her! He had called her his own—was not that enough?

"Are you engaged to him, Archibel? At least, have you promised to marry him—for you cannot be engaged without my consent and Mr. Crane's?"

It was terrible to Archibel to have all the delicacy and poetry of her romance thus roughly handled. She did not answer. Mrs. Thompson went on.

"Archibel, will you promise me never to speak to that man again, or have anything to do with him?"

"No," she answered stubbornly. "You may do what you like—lock me in a cellar, feed me on bread-and-water, starve me—but I will be true to him."

"True to what?" asked her aunt. "Is he true to you, encouraging—nay, teaching you deceit?"

"He is true," she cried, sobbing; "he says truth is everything! Nobody cares more for truth than he does."

"I don't care what he does or what he says," retorted aunt Rachel impatiently. 'He is an unprincipled young man, and you shall not see him again."

"You believe that horrid Mrs. Steel before him or me."

"I don't care two straws what Mrs. Steel says. I see for myself what he does—no man fit for a woman to speak to would make appointments with a young girl to meet him at such an hour."

Archibel was silent, and Mrs. Thompson, feeling she had said her say and that words for the present were useless, held her peace until they were in the house.

Then Archibel fled to her room and her aunt went to her sister to relate the awful story.

"She must be removed at once," declared Lady Featherstonehaugh.

"She will fret after him wherever she goes," said Mrs. Thompson; "besides, it will make such scandal, and what can we say to the Browns? They have still a fortnight with us."

"Take them too—let us all go to Castle Keekaig. That is far enough off and it will not only separate Archibel from the young man, but in a romantic country, thrown together with the other lover, things will come right."

So it was settled. Lady Featherstonehaugh was a woman prompt in action as in thought.

The Browns were invited to accompany them to Scotland as if it were a suddenly-thought-of pleasure-trip, and they consented readily. Then the intelligence was carried to Archibel.

This was the crowning of her romance; he was to be carried away captive to a Highland castle.

Visions of dungeons and barred windows rose before her, alternating with a room high up in a tower from which the only modes of egress would be by a ladder of ropes.

Oswin would follow her to the wild north country, and, when the hills were dark and silent at night, she would hear his signal and she would fly to him and they would get into a boat and sail down Loch Fyne, while the shouts of the baffled pursuers would reach them faintly from the shore.

Jenny Brown guessed most of the truth, then she was told by degrees that Archibel had got into a very foolish scrape—in fact, her aunts wanted to get her out of the way of an undesirable lover, and these things were best struck at quickly and decisively.

Of how much more than half-away Archibel had gone to meet her lover nothing was said.

Jim was told nothing by the aunts. He was expected to look upon the migration as an impromptu excursion; but Jenny hinted, and he guessed the rest.

Ashlands was was not to be shut up. The servants were told that the party were going to Scotland only for two or three weeks—three servants were to be taken, besides two grooms with the riding-horses. By the very next evening the preparations were completed.

Archibel had made no attempt to see Thoroid, but all through the remaining hours at Ashlands she waited and watched and listened, hoping he would come to acknowledge and claim her—he must understand that she would not be allowed to see him again.

But he did not come, and she cried late into the night and through the early hours of morning, not because she thought he was faithless to her, but because she thought that he believed she was faithless to him.

They all left Ashlands in the early morning.

On the platform at Highminster station they were joined for a minute by Mrs. Steel.

"Going to Scotland? How charming! My hands are tied right and left: I never can get off on these delightful expeditions, and now I feel that I must look after poor Oswin Thoroid—you have heard of his accident? He was painting the wood when he met with serious injury ——"

Here Mrs. Thompson interrupted with such loud and rapid exclamations of pity for Mr. Thoroid and of impatience at the lateness of the train that Archibel heard no more except "broken in two or more places"—"no one but servants"—look after him, for Lady Bennington's sake"—and then the train came up and there was a great scramble and fuss, and Archibel found herself in the car before she had time to take in more than the idea that Oswin was ill—might have been killed, might be dying; and then she found herself being borne away from him by the irresistible power of steam, to pine and weep in her dreary prison-tower while he lay at the point of death with only hireling hands to tend him—if he were tended at all.

CHAPTER VII.

STONE walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;" but the boundless blue roof of an August sky and the peak beyond peak of purple hills made Archibel's prison, and kind little Jim was her warder.

Yet she could not have felt the sense of captivity more intensely had she been chained in a dungeon.

She was sitting on the soft scented heather overlooking Loch Fyne, which lay like a broad mirror beneath her; every white cloud in the sky was reflected faithfully on that still smooth surface.

The sharp peaks of the Arran hills lay in the dull gray distance southward—before her stretched the monotonously-undulating moorland of western Argyllshire. Jim was lying on his back about six feet distant, staring up at the fathomless sky.

Archibel had had two days of captivity, during which she had, in a passive way, given an enormous amount of anxiety to her aunts.

All the time they steamed up the beautiful Clyde in the Columbia she was considering how she should burst her chains, as she expressed it to herself.

All hope that Oswin would come to carry her away by ladder of ropes, pillion, or boat was over.

He was ill—seriously injured. He could not come to her, therefore she must plan how she should go to him.

Argument and persuasion would be useless; she could not threaten her aunts, for they knew she was powerless and they would not mind.

Would it be possible to frighten them by a cleverly-contrived "supernatural warning?"

It would be so easy to play the ghost in an old castle. She laid the plan aside for the present as one that would require a great deal of careful thinking out, but which would be invaluable if easier methods failed.

"How ill that girl looks!" she heard some one say.

Why, here was a way suggested at once! She would look as ill as she could; she would make them think she was going to die—then surely, to save her life, they would take her back to Ashlands.

She went down to the saloon and looked at herself in the glass; she did look ill certainly—the shadows under her eyes that he thought so beautiful were now perhaps a little too much accentuated even for his taste.

"Archibel, come to breakfast," Mrs. Thompson said.

She did not answer; she had made a vow to herself that she would not speak to her aunts until they took her back.

"Well, if it pleases you to be sulky, you harm no one but yourself," aunt Rachel continued; "but, if you mean to do without food, you will be ill; and that will give a great deal of trouble, so I insist upon your coming to breakfast."

"Thank you, aunt Rachel," thought Archibel, though she did not so much as glance at her aunt, but kept her eyes fixed upon the hills behind Duncon. "I will make myself ill; I won't eat a morsel until I have made them take me back to Ashlands! They don't want to kill me outright, I suppose."

But the instinct of self-preservation is stronger than obstinacy, and Archibel did not adhere to this resolution later than dinner-time, though she preserved strict silence towards her aunts.

She spoke to Jim and Jenny for politeness sake, considering herself to be their hostess in her own castle. She did not hold the rule to apply to her aunts, as she was their prisoner.

By this, the second day, she had relented towards Jim.

It was so very fine, so fresh and bright, just the day for a ramble over the hills that she had never yet explored.

She was tired of sitting in the house; and she said to Jim confidentially, feeling somewhat ashamed of her weakness in giving up a part of her role and of her faithlessness to her lover in allowing that one place was to be preferred before another when all were alike in being where he was not—

"It looks so nice out on the hills—I feel a sudden longing to walk over them!"

Of course Jim accompanied her—uninvited, but permitted, though it was hardly flattering to him that she should provide herself with a book before setting off.

As they went up the hill he talked as pleasantly about the weather as one can talk when talking is almost a monologue, until they met a boy riding a little rough Highland pony.

"What pretty little creatures those ponies are!" he observed. "My brother had one just like that."

"Your brother? I didn't know you had a brother," she said, faintly interested.

"He died when he was quite small—only ten: it is six years ago. He was killed—poor little fellow! His pony ran away with him and threw him."

"Oh, how sad!" said Archibel. "Was he killed on the spot?"

"No, it was worse than that; he had many days of agony; his back was broken, and his leg in two or three places."

Archibel could bear no more.

"Let us sit down here," she interrupted. She placed herself on a heather-cushioned rock, and Jim sank down beside her.

She opened her book at random, not seeing the page, only keeping it open on her knee as an excuse for silence, and she gave herself up to dismal thoughts.

Ill, in pain, dying in that dreary shut-up house, with no one but servants—and perhaps fussy meddlesome Mrs. Steel, who was worse than no one—to wait upon him; and all those hundreds of miles between them.

She pictured him lying, lonely and weak—perhaps thirsting for a glass of water, and no one near to give it to him!

"Confound it! A bee settled upon my nose!" cried Jim, starting up and interrupting the current of Archibel's gloomy thoughts.

She glanced hastily down at her book to pretend she had been reading all the time, and her eyes fell upon words that so startled her by their appropriateness that they seemed like a supernatural message sent direct to her—

> "I behold him in my dreams,
> Gaunt—as it were the skeleton of himself,
> Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid.
> The gentle-born the maiden, the more bound,
> My father, to be sweet and serviceable
> To noble knights in sickness."

"Oh, if I were only Elaine!" sighed Archibel. "If I could only fly from here! But how? It is like the end of the world!"

Not quite, for at that moment a two-funnelled steamer was just coming into sight, the Lord of the Isles, that touched every day at Strachur pier, not far from where she was resting.

If only she could be borne southward by that happy vessel, the red chimneys of which, with their white stripes, were in her eyes like angel's wings.

The steamer was on its way to Inverary; in a short time it would come back, touch again at the pier, and speed away to the south.

How easy to walk to Strachur, get on board and steam away without a chance of pursuit! No other steamer would touch at Strachur to-day, and it would be many hours too late to send a boat to catch the Columbia at Ardrishaig.

"Let us take a walk," she suggested; and Jim rose to his feet with alacrity and turned towards home.

"No; I want to go farther on," she said.

She was very silent while they walked along by the loch-side; little did Jim imagine that she was calculating the means of escape—how much money and transmutable jewelry she had upon her, and what the fares would be between Strachur and Highminster, and how she should get rid of Jim.

She felt that he was a really insurmountable difficulty. She could not tell him to go home, or send him on an errand distant enough to give her time to escape from him. At last they reached Strachur pier.

"Let us wait and see the Lord of the Isles come back," she said.

Jim readily assented, and she waited for a chance to turn up. Perhaps a friend of Jim's would land and engross his attention.

Perhaps she would be able to spring on board just as the boat steamed away. Perhaps—it was impossible, but perhaps Thoroid himself might land.

If the steamer had only been on its way from Glasgow and not from Inverary she would have expected that before everything in the vigor of her newly-awakened hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE THAT ENDURES LONGEST.

The following letter from Robert Schumann to his mother, written to her on her birthday in 1828, appears in the Early Letters of the eminent German composer—"This is the very first time, dearest mother, that I have not shaken hands with you on your birthday, but to me it is just the same red-letter day as it used to be when I was a child, and gave you a nosegay, and whispered my childish wishes. It is rather too bad that on this day, of all others, I must begin by asking your forgiveness for not having written any verses. . . . . But nevertheless I am sending you a poem, dream, or vision, or whatever you like to call it. I went to sleep very sorrowfully. Dreams hovered about me, until my good genius exclaimed, 'Your mother's birthday is near!' Then my visions took definite shape, and I dreamed that a world of hearts lay before me. Crushed and penitent souls flitted hither and thither, and those that had been saved and healed hovered round them, and gently soothed their sorrows. Then from the East there came a deep voice, clear and sweet as a bell, and the question thrilled through every heart 'Whose love endures the longest?' Oh, how all the souls trembled at that sweet question! They crowded round, and each one said, 'Mine!' Æolian harps accompanied the voices, and a blissful dawn rested on all the blossoms. And again the voice was heard, 'Whose love endures the longest?' And the hearts of Friendship came forward, and said, 'A friend's love endures the longest, for it is unobtrusive and unconstrained.'

But a wounded soul came flying from the West, and her murmured words sounded like a far-away echo—'Alas, I was deceived in my friend's love, for it was very selfish!'

Then all the souls quivered and shrank back before the words of that wounded soul. And the voice from the East rang out again, 'Whose love endures the longest?'

And the hearts of Early Love appeared, and said, 'The lover's love endures the longest, for it is the most ardent of any.' But, as they were declaring this so joyfully, and young hearts began once more to think of this beautiful world and the sunny spring-time of first love, a down-trodden heart struggled out of the West, and sadly moaned, 'Not that love either, for my lover caused me only tears of grief, and then left me alone with my sorrows, and my young heart was withered.'

And once more it flashed from the East, but there were sorrow and anger in the voice, as the great question ran through the realm, 'Is there no love that endures the longest?'

And, behold, a heart that had been lost and saved again spoke, and said, 'A mother's love endures the longest, for she loves unselfishly.'

Ah, then there was no soul to come forward and say, 'I was not loved in this way;' and all the hearts engaged in a loving strife, and all cried, 'Yes, a mother's love endures the longest!' and they were joyful, and thought of all the affectionate tears, so consoling and warning, which their mothers had shed for them in the world! And the blossoms and flowers waved, and the Æolian harps sounded, and all the heart-strings echoed the joyful words, 'Mother's love endures the longest!'"

WHEN SPIDER MEETS SPIDER.—Spiders are an unsociable, misanthropical race at the best of times, and usually regard each other with the most uncompromising aversion. This embitters all social intercourse, so that a spider, wandering by accident into his brother's web, is received in a manner that if "a little more than kin," is certainly "less than kind."

Instead of hospitably entertaining his visitor, mine host either drops by a fine thread and disappears from view, or promptly prepares to fight him. Eviction is not his object, but capture, with ulterior designs upon the body, which, with a wise forethought, the master of the house already destines for the larder.

But, putting aside these prudent considerations, it is a grand—albeit a savage—sight to witness the encounter when the combatants are well matched for size and strength. The cautious advance, with a delicate testing of threads on both sides; the wily feint, followed by a precipitated retreat, and wild dangling of the hero suspended in midair; and then the headlong rush and death grapple, hand to hand and foot to foot, which is rendered very impressive when six legs are brought into active requisition at once on either side.

MRS. ROBERT WILLIAMS, of Preston county, W. Va., 52 years old, is the mother of twenty-two children.

SHADOW LAND.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Twilight is deep'ning and shadows are falling,
There, thro' the firelight, upon the oak floor:
Voices from Shadow Land on me are calling,
Softly and tenderly now as of yore!

Wait ye, my shadows—my true hearts, my dearest—
While thro' my tears I remember the past;
Con o'er each smile of my lov'd and my nearest—
Smiles that have faded while tears only last.

Faintly the light from the embers is leaping,
Fitful it falls on my sadly bow'd head:
Shadows around me are quietly creeping
Shadows that lov'd me in days that are dead.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AT "The Golden Fleece" things were seldom especially agreeable in the morning. Mr. Drake had the unpleasant habit of coming downstairs in that unfortunate frame of mind supposed to be produced by getting out of bed on the wrong side.

When, as was frequently the case, he had imbibed overnight considerably more gin-and-water than was good for him, his temper was not improved.

On the particular morning following Phil Townsend's arrival Mr. Drake was in a vile humor; he bullied his wife, he stormed at the servants, he growled at his granddaughter.

His sour meagre visage and harsh rasping voice seemed to be everywhere.

Before dinner-time he had made everybody feel depressed and miserable, and was consequently viciously comfortable himself.

By the time tea was over and the master of the house had got off his after-tea pipe in full puff, the two servants in the kitchen were in a state of muttering revolt, Mrs. Drake was weeping over her darning, and Miss Brook's little red lips were pressed closely together.

Presently she rose from her seat by the window and moved to the door.

"Where are ye going to, gal?" demanded [illegible], removing his pipe.

"Out, grandpapa."

"Out? What d'ye mean by that? What for?"

"Because it is so hot here with the fire, and I've been in all day; and, besides"—Mother Hubbard faced round defiantly, an angry flush in her dimpled cheeks—"what is the good of my staying here when you are so horribly disagreeable? You only keep on snapping at me; and I haven't done anything; and you know I haven't. I'd rather go out; and so I'm going."

Insubordination, flat and flagrant! Insulted and defied upon his own hearthstone, Isaac gasped weakly, and his pipe fell to the ground.

With meek incredulity his wife peeped over her glasses at the daring little figure by the door.

Then Mr. Drake recovered himself, and brought down his bony fist upon the table with a loud bang.

"You impudent young hussy!" he shouted. "Come back, I say! Come back, you saucy jade—d'ye hear? I say, do you hear me? Come back!"

"Of course I hear you, grandpapa; so does everybody in the house, I should think—you shout loud enough!"

Huldah let go the door and advanced a little; but she kept her blue eyes fixed upon the weasened old ugly face and showed no signs of flinching.

"Make haste and say what you want to say, grandpapa, please," she said, with a pert little shrug of her slender shoulders. "I want to go out, and it will be dark soon."

"Then you just won't go," cried the irate old man, with another emphatic thump of his fist upon the table—"you mind that! D'ye think I don't know what you want to get out for, you little shameless minx, you? Why, to sneak after Mr. Ryder—that's what you're after! You're always sneaking and creeping away to get after him. D'ye fancy I haven't any eyes in my head, or that I'm as deaf as your silly fool of a grandmother sitting yonder? And what d'ye think 'll be the end of all his soft sawder and stuff, you flaunting, flirting hussy? Why, you'll be the sort of thing that decent women pull away their gowns from touching—that's what you'll be!"

"Isaac," appealed Mrs. Drake feebly, terrified by this avalanche.

Huldah stood stock-still for a moment with astounded, widely-opened eyes, the color ebbing and flowing in her cheeks. Then she sprang forward and seized the old man's arm in both her little hands, gripping it tightly.

"Oh, how dare you—how dare you!" she panted. "How dare you say such things to me—such dreadful, vile, abominable things! Oh, you wicked, wicked dreadful old man! Oh, I'm sorry, I'm ashamed, to think that my mother was your daughter—I am!"

She stopped, put one shaking hand to her swelling throat, and then went on again dauntlessly.

"Yes, I was going out to meet Mr. Ryder; and I've a right to do so if I please, for I'm nearly twenty-one, if I do look like a child, and you keep me dressed like one. And, when you insult me, you insult him too, for I'm going to be his wife! I am; he asked me to marry him yesterday, and I promised. I'm going to find him now, and I'll tell him every word of the wicked, cruel, dreadful things you have said to me!"

And she flew out, slamming the door angrily behind her, heedless that she left the two old people absolutely speechless and motionless with amazement.

Snatching her cloak from its hook in the passage, she went into the garden, and, dropping down upon a rustic seat placed in a snug nook round a corner of the irregular house, burst into childish tears of shame and rage.

She had not seen Mr. Ryder alone for a moment all day, for her grandfather had kept her constantly in view, and, even when she had caught a glimpse of him in the distance, the ugly, tiresome, intrusive young man with the red hair had never been a yard away from him.

The poor child would have been in despair but for one brief encounter on the stairs, when he had contrived to whisper in her ear as she ran by him, "Be in the garden after tea," and he said it so quickly and softly that she felt quite certain Mr. Townsend, who followed him, had not heard.

Now she was in the garden, filled with shame, anger, and tearful misery—and where was he?

She was putting on her cloak and pulling the hood over her head, for the evening was even more chilly than the previous one had been, when she heard approaching footsteps, and drew back into the shadow hastily.

It was he; but that wretched, abominable, horrid young man was with him!

Little Mother Hubbard, biting her lip, and clenching her small fists in childish rage, at that moment wished one of the best friends she would ever have in her life at the bottom of the sea.

"Then you won't come back with me to-night?" said Phil, halting, and speaking as if he were asking an oft-repeated question for the last time.

"No," returned Mr. Ryder sulkily; "I'll not. I've said it often enough, I should think. I'll leave here when I choose, and not before. It will not be for a day or two yet, most likely. There's nothing to prevent my staying here as long as I like, I suppose?"

"Nothing at all; but, if you stay, Ryder, so shall I."

"For what?" demanded the other, scowling.

"Because I've a fancy to do so. Put it that way, if you like."

"Look here," cried Mr. Ryder, savagely, wheeling round upon his friend—"I'll not stand this, Townsend! What do you mean by it? Were you sent to spy upon me?"

"No, I wasn't!" said Phil sturdily. "They think too well of you at the Manor to dream of your being up to anything wrong—you know that well enough. But I have eyes in my head, and I know you pretty well, so I use them. Look here—I'll speak plainly, although there's little need of it, for you know what I mean as well as I do. I believe you intended some harm to that little girl, and I won't have it."

"Oh, you won't!" sneered Mr. Ryder.

"No, I won't. You can't deny it; and I shouldn't believe you if you did. Look here—I saw you kiss her yesterday; and a man hasn't any right to kiss a girl of that sort unless he is going to make her his wife."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ryder, laughing indolently, but scowling at the same time, "I really hadn't a notion that your morals were of such exquisite delicacy. I congratulate you, I'm sure, in these degenerate days you are quite refreshing!"

"Pooh!" retorted Phil bluntly. "Sneer away if it amuses you; I don't care. You won't get round what I say in that fashion—don't think it. Look here—answer me, plain and square. Do you mean to marry the girl?"

"Marry her!"

Mr. Ryder shrugged his shoulders and laughed again.

"Come, Townsend, a joke's a joke, but you carry the notion a little too far. Marry her? Marry a little rustic barmaid out of a country inn? Not exactly!"

"All right," said Phil decisively—"that settles it. There was no need to ask the question—I knew that well enough. Now, if this girl isn't good enough for you to marry, she's too good to flirt with or make a fool of; and I'll take jolly good care you don't do it!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Ryder, in a tone of sardonic amusement.

His pale face was livid, his white hands were clenched, his brows contracted, and he would have liked to knock Phil down.

He knew however from experience that Phil was capable of settling him with a single blow, and he restrained himself prudently.

"Oh, I mean it right enough," declared Phil coolly—"don't make any mistake about that! Look here—the thing to do now is just to get your traps together as fast as you can, give me your word that you'll let the girl alone and not get in her way again, and be off with me to the Manor. Look alive, and I'll see what sort of a trap they have to take us over."

"Anything more?" inquired Mr. Ryder, with a laugh. "You're a cool hand, Townsend—upon my word you are! Suppose I say that I shall stay where I please—eh?"

"In that case," said Phil resolutely, "I shall go straight indoors and tell the old people what I saw yesterday—that's all."

Mr. Ryder was clerly taken aback, and he stood scowling and pulling his long moustache viciously.

"You will, eh?" he growled.

"I will!" declared Phil promptly.

There was a pause in the conversation for a few minutes.

Mr. Townsend stood still, with the satisfied expression of a man who had got the best of an argument and was very well pleased with himself. Mr. Ryder, on the contrary, tramped heavily to and fro, with a baffled savage look, as though he had got the worst of the discussion and did not like it.

Darkness had almost closed in; a pale moon was rising in a heavily-clouded sky, but it showed only a faint uncertain light.

Had either of the men turned his head towards the rustic seat, he would hardly have noticed the dark figure in one corner of it.

"Well," said Mr. Ryder at last, coming to a halt and looking scowlingly at his companion's placid face, "have your own way! If you will play the virtuous fool, you will. Wonder you didn't bring a pair of handcuffs while you were about it!"

"Better men than you have worn them, I daresay," returned Phil coolly. "There is one sort of scamplishness that is most intolerable, to my mind; and that is your sort. It is lucky for you that I'm not that girl's brother, and that——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Well, and what?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"Well—that I'm not Agatha Woodward's either. So you'll come, will you? Good for you! And when will you be ready?"

"In half an hour or so, I suppose."

"All right—the sooner the better," said Phil briskly. "Come in and get your traps together, while I see what sort of thing I can find to drive over in."

Phil's part of the business was soon done; and, when the chaise came round to the door, he went and sat down in the little sitting-room, smoking a cigar while he waited for Mr. Ryder, whom he could hear tramping about savagely on the floor above.

The tramping ceased suddenly, and Phil rose, expecting that his friend would come down; but he did not.

Mr. Ryder had, in fact, been brought to a halt in his preparations by seeing, lying on his dressing-table, a bit of folded paper with his name upon it in a scrawling girlish handwriting.

With a bitter ejaculation he opened it and read:

"I know now what you are! I heard all you said just now in the garden—every word of it! You wicked man, what had I done to you? I'll never forgive you—never, as long as I live! While I remember that I let you kiss me twice, I'll never forget how base and cruel you are! Oh, one of these days I'll make you sorry, James Ryder!"

The angry little sentences of resentment and shame, dashed down hastily and impulsively upon the paper, seemed to ring in his ear.

He could almost see the outraged little beauty before him, defying and spurning him while panting out the passionate words.

She had heard, had she? Perhaps, then, it was quite as well that he had let that meddling fool of a Townsend have his way.

What a little vixen the child was when her temper was up, by Jove! What was the last sentence?

"Oh, one of these days I'll make you sorry, James Ryder!" He laughed, crushed the paper into his pocket, and went downstairs.

CHAPTER IV.

THE wind rose as the evening grew darker, drove the hurrying clouds over the face of the sky, often hiding the pale moon, made the water in every little ditch and puddle quiver, sent the dying leaves flying from the trees in fluttering showers, and blew with cruel force and keenness against a little figure hastening swiftly and steadily along the winding tree-darkened road which led from Underhay to Sprigglestone—against little Mother Hubbard, running away from "The Golden Fleece."

She waited for nothing except to write that little letter—that fierce, wrathful, childish outburst of rage and shame which James Ryder had laughed at and thrust into his pocket with a sneer.

She had crept into his room and laid it upon the table, and then run into her own, found her little purse, the contents of which she had been saving up for ever so long, and which amounted to almost a sovereign, and then stolen softly down the long stairs.

She had passed the sitting-room door, where she could hear her grandfather scolding and muttering, and so got out of the house and into the garden unseen, and run away in her old brown cloak as fast as her feet would carry her, hurried on by a passionate storm of shame, anger, and resentment such as she had never felt in all her life before.

She had no fixed plan of any kind, hardly a definite idea.

The only thing she was quite sure of was that it was utterly impossible to stay at "The Golden Fleece" after that proud, triumphant declaration with which she had silenced her grandfather's cruel gibing tongue—utterly impossible ever to face his ugly sneering old face again.

Oh, she could not do it—she could not! It filled her with an agony of wrath and shame, of half-shrinking, half-defiant dread, even to think of it.

She was disgraced enough in her own eyes; he should not laugh at and deride her, perhaps even repeat the horrible things the recollection of which made her cheeks burn and her tears tingle.

No! She would hide herself, starve, die sooner! she muttered to herself, clenching her little hands passionately.

And so, in the chill darkening evening, under the hurrying clouds that hid the pale face of the moon, she ran away from Underhay and "The Golden Fleece."

The distance to Sprigglestone was ten miles, she knew. Would she reach there before it was quite dark? She hated the thought of being alone among the huge, ghostly, whispering trees that made her shudder.

Yet being alone was better than being followed.

That was what she had dreaded; ever since she got clear of the village she had been looking behind her with anxious eyes.

Now her heart throbbed violently, for there was the sound of wheels behind her, coming round the bend of the road; she could hear them rasping over the pebbly road, also the click of a horse's hoofs.

The girl drew back suddenly into the shadow of the hedge, feeling sure that she knew who it was.

The chaise came along smartly, loaded with portmanteaus, rugs, a folding easel and camp-stool—all things which had littered the little sitting-room at "The Golden Fleece."

Phil was driving; his curly red hair was plainly distinguishable in the dusk. He said something briskly to the man sitting beside him—the figure upon which the blue eyes of the girl were fixed—and a gruff sullen word or two was all the reply.

Huldah broke into a laugh as she looked after them, and the moonlight, falling upon her just then, showed a white hard face from which all the childish bloom and saucy dimples had for the time departed. She laughed, and clenched her little hands fiercely.

"Oh, I hate him—I hate him!" she said loudly.

She waited where she was until one of the many bends of the winding country road hid the chaise from sight, and then hurried on again.

It was darker and darker; the mysterious whisperings and rustlings of the trees frightened her so that at last, in sheer terror, she broke into a run.

The road divided into two branches a little way ahead. Which was the one that led to Sprigglestone—the left or the right? She could not recollect.

Suppose she should go wrong, lose herself, and have to pass the night in the dark lanes, amongst the ghostly, creaking, whispering old giants of trees? She redoubled her pace, struck her foot against a large stone, slipped, and fell upon a ragged patch of grass close to a heap of gravel just where the two roads met.

She lay for a moment panting and helpless, for the suddenness and violence of her fall had almost stunned her, and she hardly knew in what part of the body she felt the terrible wrenching pain of which she was conscious.

Then, recovering herself, she tried to rise, only to sink down again with a gasp of terror and dismay, for she had hurt her ankle in some way, and could not stand up.

"It will be better directly," she said, trying to be brave, but frightening herself by the sound of her own voice breaking the stillness. "I must have ricked it a little, I suppose, as I did when I slipped down the cellar steps last Christmas. It hurt me for a good while, but I could walk in an hour. I know grandpapa went on at me, and said I was shamming. I'll wait a little while and rest it, and then I can go on."

It was easy enough to say; but the little while grew into a long while, and she still found it absolutely impossible to move from the patch of grass upon which she was resting.

Every effort to stand was followed by a cruel pain that made her feel faint and ill. The girl grew cold, and shivered with terror.

Oh, if only somebody would come along that dreadful stretch of lonely road—somebody with a cart which would take her on to Sprigglestone.

She would almost have consented to be taken back to "The Golden Fleece," rather than stay alone in that horrible solitude all night.

Presently she heard the sound of wheels again. This time they were coming along the road that forked to the right from Sprigglestone—coming swiftly, as though the tall chestnut horse enjoyed the task of drawing the smart dog-cart close behind him.

Only one gentleman sat in it—and a broad-shouldered, sturdy gentleman he looked.

Poor little Mother Hubbard summoned up all her courage desperately, and raised herself, leaning upon her arm against the gravel-heap—for she did not dare to put the smarting, throbbing little foot to the ground.

The pain, growing worse every moment, was so intense by this time that she could

have cried had she been less frightened and solitary.

"Hallo! What was that? I'll be sworn I heard something."

The gentleman dropped the reins and jumped out of the dog-cart, looking in every direction but the right one. At last his eyes, which were bright and dark, fell upon the little figure crouched down against the gravel-heap.

He strode across to it, and stooped down. "Did you call, my dear? What's the—— Bless my soul!"

He did not utter the exclamation of dismay without reason. The girl—the child, he thought her—in striving to stand erect and answer him, had uttered a shrill cry, followed by a moan of pain, and had slipped and fallen at his feet apparently fainting.

"Bless my soul," ejaculated the gentleman again, "the poor little thing is insensible! This is a precious state of things!"

He dropped down upon one knee on the damp grass, and lifted the little figure in his arms—it was so very small and slender in their big clasp that it was no wonder he thought her a child—and the blanched little face and the childish golden head, from which the scarlet-lined hood was slipping, lay against the breast of his light dust-coat.

"What the mischief can I do?" he said aloud. "Poor little thing!"

He was fain to solve the problem for himself—which he did most expeditiously by getting upon his feet, still holding the insensible girl, and placing her gently in the dog-cart.

It was so high up that had he been less tall and strong he could never have managed it.

Then he got in himself, carefully holding her with one arm, and, turning the horse's head down the road which forked to the left, turned off again to the right, and in the course of ten minutes drove through some rough gates, and finally pulled up before a long, low, rambling-looking cottage, the door of which was at once thrown open at the stopping of the wheels.

A woman stood just within it, holding a candle, and peering out with one hand shading her eyes.

"Is that you, sir?" she cried shrilly, apparently distrusting their evidence.

"Why, yes, you see it is!" was the response, given with some irritability. "Is your husband there?"

"Ain't been in more than ten minutes, sir."

"Then tell him to step out here; and look alive about it—there's a good soul!"

Seeming to divine that there was something the matter, or perhaps spurred on to swift movement by the excessive sharpness of the speaker's tone, the woman put her flaring candle upon a table and disappeared down an adjacent passage, calling loudly upon "John!"

In a few moments "John" appeared, stooping, round-shouldered, smock-frocked, tangle-headed, red-faced, blinking, looking very much as if he had been asleep by the kitchen fire—which indeed he had.

Stopping in the doorway to indulge in a terrific yawn and to stretch himself, he slouched forward heavily, and blinkingly surveyed the dog-cart, as if he had by no means made up his mind that he was awake yet, asking drowsily—

"Anything the matter, Mr. Ackland, sir?"

"The matter? Yes! Have your wits about you now, and come here!" replied Mr. Ackland sharply. "I found a child—a little girl—at the fork of the roads. She is hurt in some way, I think, for she's insensible. Here you are! Be careful now; mind what you're about, and don't let her fall while I get out, whatever you do. That's right—give her to me. Open the door there yonder, Mrs. Boskett, and hold the light, will you?"

Mr. Ackland had placed the insensible little figure in the stolidly-extended arms of Mr. Boskett—who had received it much as he might have received a sack of potatoes—had descended nimbly from the dog-cart, taken it into his own arms again, and marched into the house.

Mrs. Boskett, her eyes wide open in amazement, with the candle held at arm's-length, interposed—

"You don't mean your own room, sir?"

"Of course—it's the only one that's ready; and don't I tell you the child has fainted? Fetch the brandy, Boskett. Don't unharness the horse—most likely you will have to drive over to Spriggiestone for a doctor."

Boskett went off to fetch the brandy, obediently if somewhat sulkily—a drive to Spriggiestone at nearly ten o'clock at night, and that after a hard day's work, did not strike him as a pleasant thing by any means.

Mrs. Boskett opened the door of a good-sized apartment furnished as a bed-room in the plainest, most severe way.

There was not an ornament or a picture, not an inch of curtain or drapery about it.

Awkwardly and gently Mr. Ackland laid his burden down upon the flat bed, which, whatever it was composed of, obviously had not a feather in it—a particularly hard, stiff, uncompromising-looking bed, the sight of which was enough to make the bones of a sensitive people ache.

"It's the poor little creature's foot that's hurt, I fancy," he said. "She tried to stand up and answer me, I know, and then screamed out and fell down. It is a sprained ankle most likely. If so, you can manage it, I suppose, Mrs. Boskett? But, if any bones are broken, your husband must drive over to Spriggiestone for a doctor—that's all."

He stooped down a little to look more closely at the small rounded face with the short fair hair curling over the white forehead and the black lashes lying on the dimpled cheeks.

"She's a pretty child," he said gently, turning to the door. "Call me if I can be of any use, Mrs. Boskett. By-the-way, where's Floss? Asleep long ago, I suppose?"

"Been in bed this hour, sir," responded the laconic Mrs. Boskett, proceeding with bony but gentle fingers to unfasten the buttons of the brown cloak; and with that her master went out of the room.

He did not turn towards the front door—outside of which the sleepy Boskett had climbed up into the dog-cart and was snoring already—but crossed the square hall and entered a room on the other side—a large, perfectly neat and clear room, bright with the light of a good fire and a couple of lamps, but as absolutely bare of any ornamentation and prettiness as the bed-room which he had just quitted. It was emphatically a man's room.

It had pipes about it of all sorts of materials and every imaginable shape, boots in various stages of wear, slippers, gaiters, fantastic tobacco-jars, papers, books in all manner of bindings—as many on the floor as on the shelves; between the two curtainless windows a couple of guns rested on a rack; on the mantelshelf were a shot-pouch and a powder-flask. Before the fire-place was spread a huge brown rug of buffalo-skin.

Upon it, in odd contrast with the rest of the room, was a large wax doll with a broken nose, only one eye, an exceedingly grimy frock, and a tousled flaxen wig secured in its place by a tin-tack.

Beside it lay a torn picture-book and a very large India-rubber ball with a hole in it.

Mr. Ackland took off his light overcoat, revealing underneath immaculate evening dress and a stiff white tie, and, pulling forward a chair to the edge of the rug, filled and lighted his pipe, and fell to smoking comfortably.

The bright flames lighted up his massive figure, his sun-tanned face with its kind, bright dark eyes, his crisp dark hair, thick silky beard, and long moustache.

He was not a young man, for the firelight showed silvery threads in the dark hair as well as lines on the broad forehead. Perhaps he was forty.

He looked it; but it might have been that the tropical sun which had tanned his face had aged it too.

"Poor little thing!" he said half aloud, taking his pipe from between his lips. "Wonder where she belongs to? I'm uncommonly glad I found her."

"Glad you's found what, papa?" demanded a shrill piping voice.

Mr. Ackland swung round quickly, looking towards an open door on the opposite side of the room, beyond which could be seen a small bed-room containing a tiny crib—indeed in all this queer house there were no stairs; it had but one floor.

Standing in the doorway was a child—a small, lithe, brown-skinned, dark-eyed girl of six or seven, bare-footed and in her night-dress, which was not a dainty piece of lace-trimmed prettiness, but a mere white sack with two shapeless sleeves.

She was a quaint-looking little creature altogether, with a mass of nearly black hair falling over her shoulders.

Her father gave a very short laugh, put down his pipe, and held out his arms to her.

"I thought you were in bed an hour ago, you young monkey! Come along!"

The child bounded across the room in a moment, and perched herself, with a triumphant crow of delight, upon his knee, hugging him round the neck with both arms.

"I wasn't asleep, papa, 'cause I wasn't sleepy a bit; but Mrs. Boskett went an' put me to bed hours an' hours ago, like she always does when you go out."

She drew back a little, surveying admiringly the white tie and the expanse of snowy shirt-front.

"You look so nice, papa," she cried delightedly—"nicer—ever so much—then you do always! An' did you go an' have dinner at the Manor really?"

"Really and truly, chatterbox."

"I wish I'd went!" observed Floss, with delightful disregard of grammar. "Agatha says I may when I'm big. Did you see her, and Mrs. Corolyn, and Fwank?"

"'Fwank' indeed!" mimicked Mr. Ackland, laughing. "Yes, I saw them all, little woman. Frank has a little black puppy for you. He will bring it over to-morrow perhaps, if you're good."

"I am good," asserted Floss comfortably. "I'm always good—almost nearly always. What was it that you said you'd found, papa?"

"A poor little girl."

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, opening her dark bright eyes. "Out in the wood, papa?"

"Right out in the road."

"Oh!" exclaimed Floss again, and then sat for a moment smoothing her father's thick beard with her lithe brown fingers, and fixing her dark eyes solemnly upon the fire. "P'r'aps she was lost, papa," she suggested in a whisper.

"Perhaps she was, my dear."

"Or p'r'aps she had run away from her farver," remarked Floss, after some further meditation.

"Perhaps she hadn't one to run from, little woman," said her father kindly. "Now don't you think you'd better trot off to bed again?"

"Not yet, papa."

Floss gave her father's hand a coaxing kiss, and slipped down with her little bare feet upon the buffalo-robe, folding her arms upon his knee. "Tell me about the little girl first. Is she very little?"

"Not very—bigger than you."

"Bigger 'an me!" echoed Floss. "An' older, papa?"

"About twice as old, I should think."

"I'm seven," said Floss slowly, looking up with severely-wrinkled brows. "Then she's twice seven. What's twice seven, papa?"

Mr. Ackland had no time to solve this arithmetical problem, for at that moment Mrs. Boskett came into the room.

She was a lean and mournful-looking woman, with a figure as straight as a deal-board and with a muddy complexion.

She cast a very doleful look of long-suffering and reproach at the little night-gowned figure standing between her master's knees.

"The young woman's ankle is a bit sprained, I take it, sir, and a good deal swelled; but I've bathed it and bound it up, and she's gone sound off to sleep."

Having thus lugubriously delivered herself, and glanced again at Floss as at a totally hopeless and abandoned child of whom she must respectfully beg to wash her hands, Mrs. Boskett drew herself up and sniffed.

"Did she say anything—as to who she was or where she came from?" asked Mr. Ackland curiously.

"Not a single syllable, sir. She just looked about her a bit, asked if I thought her ankle was very bad, and, when I said, No—it would be all right in a day or two most like; said could she stay here till the morning. I told her, yes, of course, knowing what would be your wishes," said Mrs. Boskett, casting a disapproving side-glance at her master; "and then she drank up the hot wine I'd got for her, and just turned over and went off to sleep for all the world like a baby, as cool as ever you saw."

"Well, I'm glad the poor little thing's safe," said Mr. Ackland heartily. "Time enough in the morning to find out what she ran off for. Now, Floss, you had better just come off to bed, little maid."

"Let me go and see the dear little girl, papa."

As her father lifted her, Miss Floss put both arms round his neck, burying her face coaxingly in his beard.

"I only just want to see her for a tiny minute; I won't wake her up—truly I won't! You'll carwy me an' let me see her, won't you?"

Mr. Ackland was not a father of the judicious and stoical sort. He was entirely at the mercy of this small daughter of his—she twisted him round her tiny fingers, big as he was.

He signed to the disapproving and depressed Mrs. Boskett to go before with the light, and carried Miss Floss across the hall and into the bed-room on its other side.

Poor little runaway Mother Hubbard was fast asleep, her soft flushed cheek pressed upon the hard white pillow, one arm thrown up over her head, its little hand buried in the soft short locks of yellow hair.

Floss bent down from her father's arms with wide-open, eager, curious dark eyes.

"May I kiss her, papa?" she softly whispered.

He smiled "Yes;" and she bent down and—half frightened lest the sleeper should awake—gave the caress swiftly.

The two heads were close together for a moment—the fair and the dark one; they looked equally young, innocent, childish. So Mr. Ackland thought afterwards when he sat soberly smoking his pipe by the fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRONG GIRL.—"When I was a young man, writes a French nobleman, I fell in love with a charming young girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained her permission to speak to her father. The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The old gentleman seemed surprised at first, but when I had assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affection he offered no further objections, and, accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter. As the door opened I ran to greet my fiancee—it was another young lady." "Your lover, my child," he continued, suavely smiling at Mlle. de Bourgoing. "I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, pressed my suit with the wrong father, and had been given to the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her."

AGING AS A FINE ART.—"There, you look ten years older now," said a down-town barber yesterday as he released a man from the meshes of a towel and yelled "Brush!" To the customer who followed he said: "That was a young fellow who has just started in business here as a doctor. He looked too young, and, to get patients, he had to grow old in the barber's chair. Can we age a man? Well, I should say so.

"It's a part of our trade. Let me take you in hand and dress your hair and beard my way for a month and you'll look a middle-aged man. It's all in the appearance. People won't trust a young doctor if he looks too young, and I am adding years to the appearance of half a dozen young physicians now."

IN prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

Scientific and Useful.

TO SEE THE SIGHTS.—A new automatic idea is a hotel invention. You stand on the base of the instrument and a panorama immediately begins to work, showing the stander all the views of the locality.

TESTING BRICKS.—Science is always on the advance. Its latest discovery is that the only way to discover the quality of a brick is to lick it. The wine trade and some others have their professional tasters; the Americans will have their brick-lickers.

FOR CLEANING BOTTLES.—Porcelain shot are now made in Munich, designed for cleaning wine and medicine bottles. The advantage over lead shot, often used for this purpose, is that the porcelain is entirely free from contamination and is not acted upon by acids or alkalies.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—A novel electric railway is undergoing construction in a suburb of St. Paul, Minn. The railroad is an elevated structure, and the cars are hung below it close to the street level. They hang from sets of wheels taking their power from the tracks, which are charged with electricity. A speed of from eight to ten miles an hour is claimed for the cars.

DEADENING FLOORS.—A great many suggestions have been made from time to time for "deadening" floors, as the process is named. Among the substances used have been sawdust, dry ashes, cork-clippings, etc.; and many different things and compounds have been found buried in the floors of old houses for the purpose of deadening noise. The last suggestion of the kind comes from a French journal, and consists in filling the space between the floors with wood-shavings which have been dipped in a tub of thick whitewash. This treatment, it is said, would render the shavings quite incombustible, and would at the same time form an excellent non-conducting material for sound.

THE FORCE OF AIR.—A curious experiment consists in taking a water flask or other wide-mouthed bottle and placing a small cork in the neck while holding it in a horizontal position. It will seem no easy matter to blow the cork into the bottle, but upon trial it will be found almost impossible to do so. The harder one blows the more forcibly is the cork ejected out of the bottle. The explanation is that the bottle is already full of air, so that no more can be blown into it; and the only effect produced by blowing, is to compress the air already inside. When the pressure is removed, the air, being elastic, quickly expands again, and, in so doing, forces the cork out of the neck, apparently in a reverse direction to the current from the lungs of the experimenter. The neck of the bottle must be perfectly dry, or the cork will adhere to it, and interfere with the success of the experiment.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—Frozen plants can best be restored by dipping in cold water.

POULTRY.—A light ration of meat is still beneficial to fowls confined in yards, since they cannot pick up the usual supply of bugs and worms. Suds, cut grass and garden vegetables will all be utilized if thrown into the yards.

EGGS.—Preserving eggs for winter use is not difficult, but care is required. Eggs from hens not in company with males will keep three times as long as those containing the germs of chicks. Keep the eggs on racks in a cool place, and turn them half over twice a week.

WIRE FENCES.—In using wire netting for poultry-yards, it must not be overlooked that the fences will be very open, which sometimes renders the yard useless on very windy days. A space at least two feet high should be boarded at the bottom before beginning the fastening of the wire.

INFLUENCE OF FEED.—Remarking on the influence of feed upon the quality of milk an exchange says if the feed be continued while a cow is bearing a calf the progeny will inherit this tendency to put more milk into the cream pot. In this way our large milkers may in time be bred as equally remarkable for butter production. There is a hint in this fact also against neglecting the feed of a cow while she is dry and near dropping her calf.

DIVERSITY.—Diversified farming requires that after, as producer, the farmer shall have got the raw materials on hand he must, as manufacturer, convert his hay, grain, etc., into cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, etc. Thus his duties change. Now as a tiller of the soil, then as a stock-feeder. To day as a mechanic, to-morrow as a physician, treating an ailing animal. Can the education and training of such a one be too extended and general?

MEMORIAL TREES.—Every child who is taught to plant tree seed or who sets a tree with his own hand is being taught a good lesson. He feels that he is doing something that will make the world a better or pleasanter place to live in, it may be, long after he himself ceases to live. A memorial tree appeals more to the affections than can any monument of marble or bronze. The tree is a thing of life, and if we plant it there seems to be a sort of family relationship growing up with its growth. We have seen many an elm spreading its broad branches over a dilapidated country farm-house which the occupant would not part with for the sum that would build a new home. The home to him would not be a home without that dear old tree.

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What We Hide.

We are not always what we appear to be, and we often say things we do not think, and make professions, now of faith and now of affection, which we are far from feeling. All but the best and noblest among us—the rare jewels of the human casket—are thus guilty of deception, more's the pity.

But what we hide is far more in extent and volume than what we falsely display; and in the drama of life suppression plays a greater part than assumption.

In what we hide no one is our confidant. That second secret self, to whom we speak in the silent whispers of consciousness, is the sole depository of what we feel; and not even to our dearest do we confess the thoughts that chase each other like flying shadows—the pain for which we tremble—the joy of which we are ashamed—the keen-eyed criticism of our friends—the unuttered but irrepressible condemnation of the one we love.

No Spartan boy ever concealed his gnawing fox with more sedulous care than we conceal all these mental tortures. And well for us that we do.

How can we tell out what we think of that influential man with the brutal manner and insolent allure? Friends declare this brutality, this insolence, to be of the merest appearance only. Below this coarse-grained film, they say, lies the noblest nature; and the loveliest character within redeems the gross fashion of the forms without.

Sycophants go farther, and find in this coarse grain the rugged grandeur of power—the Titanic quality of strength such as is seen in granite and unpolished marble—in the bark of an oak tree and the shells of certain sweet fleshed nuts.

To you the man is a mere well dressed savage—a mere intelligent, talking and two-legged brute. But how can you say so? Where would be the grand inheritance of which we are the heirs—that inheritance of courtesy, good breeding, self-suppression—if you were to "let fly" at this ill-mannered person, whom his friends call a Titan and you think a brute? You have to appear to swim with the stream, if your strokes are more apparent than real. At the worst you take refuge in a little pool of silence, a little backwater of negation; and what you hide you alone know.

This suppression by silence holds good with all well-conducted persons, when brought face to face with uncomfortable individualities whom they cannot denounce and must endure.

It would be impossible to have a continued fencing bout, with tongues for rapiers and words for wounds.

Nor are we justified by laws which are higher than those of absolute sincerity, in saying out openly unfriendly thoughts and unkind comments.

We must never forget that our estimate is only ours, and that another's, exactly opposite, may be just as true and far more generous, and that all things are relative and conditional—the Titan, or the cad, among the rest.

We hide ourselves. Perhaps this is the most important thing we do hide. Not only what we think and know of others, but in reference to our own lives and doings, our own inner being, do we conceal and cover up.

Were we to speak out these thoughts, we should lose them by the very act which gave them form and substance. They are our own only while unimparted and unshared.

How can we ask an outsider to count our heart beats because of that friendly smile, that flattering word, or to note how our spirits flag when the eyes for which we watch turn coldly away—the lips whereon hangs our secret happiness smile to others rather than to us?

We have to hide all that we feel, if we would not be as those whose hearts, worn on their sleeves, are pecked at by daws like over ripe cherries on the drooping branch.

Ah! how much we hide. The most frank and candid of us all must needs keep a whole world concealed in his heart of hearts.

We hide our contempt for that piece of meanness; our doubt of that statement; our belief in the disunion of those not long wedded folk; our fear of a coming financial crash where the rumor would fulfil itself, and to set the report about would be to ensure its fruition in fact.

We have to hide, not detail—to be silent not loquacious. Our only confidant is ourself, and this is one who never betrays.

So things go; and we all carry about with us the Talisman which prevents the destruction of peace and happiness, by enabling us to hide our thoughts; and they who should discard this Talisman of silence and concealment would be as fiery bomb shells flung into a powder magazine, whereby the whole fabric of society would be blown to atoms.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions and debates of mankind.

Those are those who regard work as a painful drudgery which only the external benefits it brings would tempt them to undergo. Such persons lose one of the chief delights of life. Emerson said truly, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace." And Carlyle expresses the same truth, "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a life-purpose."

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived; since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much; for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance; but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler and steadier comrade, Religion.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature, what most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast rushes along, impatient of the course; nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.

To force success from hard circumstances is the measure of one's strength. It marks the great man and the hero. There is no honor in the highest position in the world save as its possession is the result of difficulties overcome, or the ensign of personal force and merit. "By faithfulness in a few things we become rulers over many," and by earnestness in humble things we are fitted to handle great ones.

Five is quite the earliest age at which children should begin to learn in earnest. They may learn a good deal before, but it should be in play; even at the age of five half an hour at a time is quite long enough. The fact is, the child at that age is learning all day long; his mind is always taking in new ideas, and is not fit to stand a long strain of exertion.

In benevolent natures the impulse of pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitter to excite such impressions work so instantaneous an effect that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited.

Those who come last seem to enter with advantage. They are born to the wealth of antiquity. The materials for judging are prepared, and the foundations of knowledge are laid to their hands. Besides, if the point was tried by antiquity, antiquity would lose it; for the present age is really the oldest and has the largest experience to plead.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross grained ungentleness; whilst others, it may be much less gifted, make their way easily and steadily, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity and self control.

Love one human being with warmth and purity, and thou wilt love the world. The heart, in that celestial sphere of love, is like the sun in its course. From the drop in the rose, to the ocean, all is for him a mirror, which he fills and brightens.

It is in sickness that we most feel the need of that sympathy which shows how much we are dependent one upon another for our comfort, and even necessities. Thus disease, opening our eyes to the realities of life, is an indirect blessing.

If thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou professest thy love to God; for by thy love to God, the love to thy neighbor is begotten, and by the love to thy neighbor, thy love to God is nourished.

That learning which thou gettest by thy own observation and experience is far beyond that which thou gettest by precept; as the knowledge of a traveler exceeds that which is got by reading.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Christian! thou knowest thou carriest gunpowder about thee. Desire them that carry fire to keep at a distance. It is a dangerous crisis when a proud heart meets with flattering lips.

God, in every dispensation, is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances He tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortunes, our submission.

The man or woman that keeps a sweet spirit, no matter how keenly the wrongs of life are felt, will have vastly more power to correct the evil than those who fall into a sour mood.

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

The World's Happenings.

A Georgia man bathes in a zinc-lined coffin.

It cost a Pottstowner $8 to evade a toll of one cent.

Two young women have opened a drug store in Buffalo.

Sweet potatoes almost a yard long are spoken of in Georgia papers.

The herring sardine packers of Maine will cure and pack 350,000,000 herring this year.

If the hinges of the door creak, rub them with soft soap, or with a feather dipped in oil.

An English court has decided that a railroad has no more right to eject a passenger than to behead him.

The owner of a Saratoga hotel pulled through the season by borrowing $20,000 from his table waiters.

Vanceburg is a Kentucky town that does the State proud. Ninety-five new girl babies and not a boy baby to be seen!

A wooden derrick which ten years ago cost the Government $60,000 has been sold at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for $1200.

The boys of the Indian School at Genoa, Ill., have challenged the Chinese club, of San Francisco, to play a game of base ball.

London jail-birds numbered 6877 last year—fewer than the year before. Compulsory education is said to be lessening crime.

An extraordinary case of self-mutilation is reported from Dublin, where a medical student tore both his eyes from their sockets.

A horse drawing an occupied carriage stepped on an electric light wire at Peekskill, N. Y., and was instantly killed by the shock.

In New York large quantities of fish are being frozen and piled away like cordwood in the big cold-storage houses for use next winter.

A Winfield, Kan., married man wrote a love letter to a young girl, and she turned it over to a local paper, in which it was printed verbatim.

Thieving is carried on in Chicago in full dress. The men who have been caught lately are stylishly dressed and wear silk hats of the latest pattern.

A Nebraska man has organized a band consisting of a concertina, a triangle, two drums, a pair of cymbals and mouth organ. He plays the entire combination himself.

Superstitious people at Keokuk, Iowa, were almost scared to death by a whistling buoy, which was placed in the river by the Government. They thought it was a ghost.

Henry Searing, of Brooklyn caught a burglar in his home, and on taking the intruder to the light identified him as an old school mate. He handed him over to the police.

A Chicago man has devised a pair of boots whose wooden soles hold a small automatic press, with which the user's name and local habitation can be printed all over the sidewalks.

A Providence girl, aged 14, committed suicide recently. Some time ago she began reading stories of frontier life, and subsequently became dissatisfied with her home and wanted to go West.

While conveying a prisoner from Meriden to New Haven a Connecticut policeman fell asleep, and his charge, though handcuffed, picked the blue coat's pockets, and then jumped out of the window and escaped.

A hotel waiter in Cincinnati, who stole from a guest, hid the money in his "turn down" collar. He was suspected of the theft, and while being conducted to the station house, the officer noticed a greenback protruding from the novel hiding place.

Chicago boasts of an English bulldog which drinks beer in preference to water. It accompanies its owner on all his rakish tours, and when the man succumbs to the influence of drink calmly settles on his breast and keeps both crooks and the police at bay.

Robert Somerville, a young New Yorker, was butted to death by a bull in a corral near Wichita, Kan., the other night. His body then disappeared. In the morning those who went to look for him found that the cattle had tossed it about the field all night.

An undertaker at Cresco, Iowa, states in an advertisement that he has a number of debtors who, though now living with their second wives, have not paid the funeral expenses of their first ones, and if they do not do so in sixty days he will publish their names.

The members of the Undertakers' Association had a jolly dinner recently at Toronto, where they were in session. Coffin-shaped plates, knives, forks and napkin rings with coffin handles attached, jellies in the shape of urns, newly-made graves and the like enlivened the festive board.

The laziest man on earth has been discovered at St. Louis. He was arrested on the charge of killing, and his name appeared on the docket as "John Smith" because he was too lazy to give his real name. When arrested he told the officer he did not work because he was too tired, and when arraigned in court he was too lazy to speak.

A woman who acted suspiciously in a New York dry goods store was taken into custody, and when examined there were found in a pocket in her sacque and in an umbrella which she carried six yards of sash silk, six small table mats, one meat chopper, two brushes, two pairs of gloves, two pairs of socks, three pocketbooks and a napkin ring.

W. P. Taulbee, of Kentucky, represents the largest congressional district in the country. It is composed of 21 counties, and extends from the famous Blue Grass region to Cumberland Gap, a distance of over 300 miles. It is a backwoods district, without railroad or telegraph communication, and is canvassed by the candidate for congressional honors on horseback over the roughest kind of mountain roads.

UNSUNG HEROES.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

So long as the world and the heart are young,
Shall deeds of daring and valor be sung;

And the hand of the poet shall throw the rhyme
At the feet of the hero of battle-time.

But nobler deeds are done every day
In the world close by, than in fight or fray.

There are heroes whose prowess never sees light,
Far greater than ever was ancient knight.

In many a heart lies a secret tale
That would make the Homeric legends pale;

And oft is a deed of valor untold
Which is meet to be written in letters of gold!

In a Dilemma.

BY J. L. HAYES.

LORD DUNCIMAN was in a dilemma; and the difficulty was the greater because its solution depended entirely on the decision of his own mind.

From his earliest boyhood his lordship had had a difficulty in making up his mind. He generally followed the advice of his intimate friend, Captain Fitzgeorge; but Fitzgeorge was just then in Egypt, and even had his counsel been available, it could hardly have been of much service in the circumstances.

Some time before, Lord Dunciman, having reached the age of thirty-eight, came to the conclusion that it was time for him to be married.

And the difficult question to decide was whether he was really and truly more in love with Lady Angela Curtis or with Beatrice Vaughn. Both these young ladies were well bred, both were accomplished, both were eminently suited to be Lady Dunciman, and he was in love with both of them.

Had he been left for any considerable time—for five or six days let us say—in the society of Lady Angela (without seeing Beatrice all that time), her large and generous nature, her almost queenly air, would no doubt have subdued him utterly; or had he spent a week by the side of the shy, tender, sensitive Beatrice, out of range of Lady Angela's fine eyes, he would have become Beatrice's bond-servant.

But, as it happened, both girls were, like himself, guests under the same roof, and the charms of each, far from neutralizing those of the other, actually added to their distracting power.

It was a hard case, and Lord Dunciman spent many a quarter of an hour in debating the question with himself. Lady Angela was undeniably the handsomer woman; she would sustain the honors of the house of Dunciman as no other could; she had a nobler presence, a wider mind than Beatrice.

But then Beatrice was so charming, with her tiny hands, and her childlike face, her natural grace!

Lord Dunciman believed that he could win either maiden if he seriously resolved to do so; but something told him that, while there was at all events a doubt as to Lady Angela's accepting him, there was no doubt as to what Beatrice's answer would be if he asked her to be his wife. He had seen once or twice a look in her soft brown eyes that told him as much as that.

Yet this circumstance in no way helped him to a decision. There was on the one hand the sweetness of affection returned, but there was on the other the allurement of winning a prize that was not secure. Everybody would congratulate him if his engagement with Lady Angela were announced, and everybody would envy him.

There would be no glory in making a match with Beatrice.

These considerations pressed more and more on the viscount's mind; but the daily sight of Beatrice's pretty figure and sweet oval face made it impossible for him to act.

So matters went on, the viscount paying attentions impartially to the two girls—flirting outrageously with both of them, as Lady Studley put it—till the time drew near for his departure from Cresswell Place, and he felt that, unless he intended to let both his charmers slip through his fingers, it behooved him to be up and doing.

It wanted but thirty-six hours of his departure, for it was Tuesday evening, and he was due at Eaton Square on Thursday.

And only then did Lord Dunciman finally and irrevocably resolve to seek the hand of Lady Angela Curtis on the following day. On Wednesday morning, therefore, he (not without some uncomfortable sensations) avoided Beatrice, and spent the day in endeavoring to catch Lady Angela alone.

In this, however, he was unsuccessful until late in the afternoon, and then he managed to entice the girl into the library, which he knew to be empty.

"No, Lady Angela, never mind Heine just now. I daresay you are right. I never was well up in those German fellows. I have something much more important to say to you.'

The girl opened her eyes, and then modestly dropped them, for she saw what was coming.

"You must have observed, Lady Angela, how much I admire you. But I have not yet ventured to tell you that I love you. I have been trying all day to find an opportunity of speaking to you. Will you be my wife, Angela?"

As Lord Dunciman had been speaking Lady Angela had experienced various emotions.

First she felt pleased and flattered. Then, as she looked at the pompous and foolish little man before her, she had a feeling of repugnance and made up her mind to refuse him.

And finally, before he had done speaking, she had reflected that perhaps she had better take time to consider the point.

Lord Dunciman was, regarded as a match, something more than respectable. If he was rather a fool, he was good-natured, and many people liked him. Offers were not plentiful; it would be better not to be too precipitate.

At this point in her maiden meditations Lord Dunciman, taking silence for consent, possessed himself of her hand, and was about to proceed to further measures when he was startled by a very vigorous defence on Lady Angela's part.

The girl had no idea of being won so easily.

"Stand back, if you please, Lord Dunciman," she said with a freezing look, which made the little viscount both ashamed and angry. "I do not know what I have said that could have made you imagine that you could take such a liberty with me. If you choose to repeat your question——'

She stopped, for at that moment the door opened, and Lady Studley, in all the plenitude of her winter garments and all the dignity of her unrivalled nose, sailed into the room.

She cast a suspicious and lofty look at the pair, as if the apartment were her private sitting-room into which they had unwarrantably intruded, and proceeded to seat herself in the largest easy-chair she could find.

Lady Angela, after pretending to look for a magazine, left the room, thinking to herself, "I am not at all sure that I won't accept him."

Lord Dunciman followed her, while a very different feeling reigned in his manly bosom.

He interpreted his repulse as a rejection, and he was by no means pleased at the haughty tone which Lady Angela had seen fit to assume.

"If I choose to repeat the question!" he exclaimed to himself as he put on his hat and strode fiercely out into the shrubbery. "I shall do nothing of the kind. My lady may take her oath of that! She knew perfectly well I meant to propose to her, and she led me on that she might have the pleasure of giving me a slap in the face. Confound her and her airs!"

While these thoughts disturbed his breast he became aware that he was overtaking somebody.

It was Beatrice Vaughan. Common politeness made him stop and speak to her.

"You are taking a walk all by yourself, Miss Vaughan?"

"All by myself, as you see."

"Do you prefer your own company to any other?"

"Sometime I do."

"Is that a hint for me to go away?"

"It is a hint that you are under no compulsion to remain," said the young lady, but her glance said, "You may stay if you like," and Lord Dunciman was by no means unwilling to accept the unspoken invitation.

Before the walk had continued for five minutes Lord Dunciman had inwardly denounced himself as a fool for imagining that he could prefer that stiff, haughty creature from whom he had parted in the library to the charming little creature at his side, and it suddenly occurred to him that he would not have another opportunity of speaking to Beatrice alone.

"This is my last evening at Cresswell Place, Miss Vaughan," he said in a sentimental tone.

"Indeed! do you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning. It has been a very happy time for me—the happiest time in my life, I assure you."

Beatrice murmured something that was not very distinct, even to herself.

"And I feel that I am leaving the sunshine, and—ah!—the beauty of life behind me. I shan't care for my life in London now—not one bit. Miss Vaughan, there is but one thing wanting to make me the happiest of men. I sometimes have thought you might guess my secret——"

"Lord Dunciman! Is that you?" broke in a harsh voice on the other side of the low hedge."

"Confound that Major Cornoake!" muttered Lord Dunciman. "He's always in the way when he's not wanted. What does he want poking and spying about here for?—Yes; it is I, Major," he said aloud; "what do you want?"

Beatrice had been not far from the point of "hiding her blushing face on her companion's shoulder," according to the rule in such case made and provided. When the Major's dulcet tones fell on her ear she turned and fled, hoping that she had not been observed.

"What do you want with me?" repeated his lordship in no very pleased accents.

"I say, you know, I'm afraid I've intruded," said the objectionable Major with an ill-smothered grin on his countenance. "Had no idea there was anyone with you, 'pon my honor. But if you don't mind the trouble, I should like you to show me the new breechloader you were speaking of the other day."

"Confounded, ill-bred, interfering old donkey!" said Lord Dunciman to himself as he suffered the Major to lead him back to the house.

Beatrice sought the shelter of her own room, the happiest of girls.

She was hardly sorry that the interview had been cut short. She had been taken by surprise, and might have behaved foolishly. At the next meeting—she smiled and blushed as she thought of it—she would be more composed.

How sweet those first words of love were! Had any girl in the world a lover as noble, as handsome, as delightful as Lord Dunciman?

And she was to make him the happiest of men. Life in London (that meant life away from her) would be life without sunshine. He had said so.

These musings continued until it was time for tea, and Beatrice stole down to the drawing-room, half fearing, half hoping that her lover would be there.

He was not in the room, however, and she seated herself near the tea-table a little apart from the others. Presently Lady Angela came in and sat down beside her.

"What had happened to you, Beatrice?" asked Lady Angela. "You look pleased, and yet a little upset. You won't tell? you naughty girl! And I was just going to tell you a secret."

Beatrice listened with interest, for she and Lady Angela were great friends.

"What is your secret, Angy?"

"I've had a proposal to-day—the first in my life."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Why do you like that?"

"And I too, Angela; I have had——'

"A proposal? Really? I congratulate you, my dear Beatrice. I hope he is worthy of you. May I ask his name?"

"I was just going to ask the question," whispered Beatrice, laughing and blushing.

But just then somebody came up and spoke to Lady Angela, while somebody else carried off Beatrice.

They were separated for the time being, but a meaning smile passed between them.

Presently Lady Angela tore a tiny corner off a sheet of the paper and scratched something on it with her pencil, while Beatrice also prepared a tiny note. Then, under pretence of showing Beatrice a drawing in the illustrated paper, Lady Angela crossed over to her friend, and the little scraps of paper were exchanged. Each glanced at what her friend had sent her, and each read the name:

"Lord Dunciman."

For the moment Beatrice did not know where she was.

She only knew that some awful calamity had fallen upon her, that her house was laid in ruins, and she, "left naked to laughter," betrayed, befooled, an object of scorn to the world and to her faithless lover.

Summoning all her strength she made her way to her own room, and was seen no more that evening.

Lady Angela was not affected as Beatrice had been by this proof of her lover's double-dealing, but she was boiling over with indignation.

It never occurred to her that he had made an offer to Beatrice after the interview she herself had had with him in the library. Her pride prevented her from imagining that he had thrown her over. She supposed that Lord Dunciman had made a proposal to Beatrice in the morning, that he had repented of the step, and had intended to console himself with her. He should be punished!

She made up her mind to that. But it would not do simply to publish his treachery.

That would be exposing herself to humiliation. After pondering the matter throughout the whole of dinner, Lady Angela came to the conclusion that the readiest way of punishing her suitor's baseness would be to accept him, and then publicly and ostentatiously jilt him. She knew that he must leave the house on the following forenoon, so it would be easy to arrange that she should not meet him again before his departure.

But it would be well, she reflected, to have a witness, a confidant, who would stand by her later on.

So she sent for her brother, Lord Frederick Curtis, a heavy, good-natured, and rather dull-witted young man, and after confiding to him the whole story, she sent him to tell Lord Dunciman to her in the library.

"I say, Angy," said Lord Frederick, "mind you don't burn your own fingers. Better let the fellow drop."

"He shall learn that he can't play fast and loose with me," retorted Lady Angela. "You do as I tell you, Fred; and mind you come to the library yourself along with him."

Lord Dunciman received the message with much inward wonder, and followed Lord Frederick in the library, in which one lamp was still burning. There stood Lady Angela, alone, and looking very dignified.

"Lord Dunciman," she said, without moving a muscle of her face, "you paid me the compliment this afternoon of offering me your hand. I said I would consider the proposal, and I have now the honor of accepting it."

Lord Dunciman had taken his usual quantum of wine after dinner, and though he knew perfectly well what he was about, his faculties were not just then at their brightest.

A sudden emotion of triumph swelled his breast as he gazed on the handsome woman before him, and he stepped forward to greet her; but she gave him her hand, and dexterously avoiding any closer contact with him, followed her brother out of the room.

"Well, this is remarkably queer!" said the noble viscount to himself when he was left alone. "Changed her mind, I suppose, '*Varium et mutabile*,' as usual. She's a splendid woman, and no mistake; and I'm a deuced lucky fellow. But what am I to say to little Beatrice?"

On considering the matter, however, Lord Dunciman came to the conclusion that he had not committed himself irretrievably with Miss Vaughan. He had said that those days spent at Cresswell Place had been the happiest of his life—nothing very dreadful in that.

He had said that only one thing was necessary to complete his happiness—but that might have referred to his approaching engagement to Lady Angela. True, no one could say it was in good taste to speak of the matter to another young lady; but what of that?

Probably Miss Vaughan had understood that she was the person on whom the completion of the viscount's happiness depended; and he was sorry for her, deucedly sorry.

But what was he to do? Lady Angela had evidently understood that his offer to her remained open, and she had accepted it.

To jilt Lady Angela Curtis was not within his power.

An hour afterwards a knock came to the door of Lady Angela's bedroom.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"It's I—Fred," said a voice; and presently Lady Angela, clad in the loveliest of dressing-gowns, opened the door.

"Angy, I'm afraid you've got yourself into a mess," said Lord Frederick. "Dunciman is going about telling fellows that you are engaged to him."

"Good gracious!"

"He has told two already, or I'm much mistaken; and by to-morrow it will be all over the place. Then, have you thought of what the mother may say? Duncinan is a good match, you know; and she might make you take him. You'd better see about it;" and so saying Lord Frederick turned on his heel.

Lady Angela had forgotten her mother. At the thought of the dowager Lady Curtis even her proud spirit quailed.

"Don't go, Fred!" she cried. "You must help me. You must get me out of the mess!"

"I!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you you had better let the man alone, and you wouldn't take my advice? I can't go and tell him that you have changed your mind already."

"What am I to do then?"

"I don't know. See him the first thing in the morning."

"I won't."

"Well, good-night. I'm off."

"Don't go, Fred! How cruel you are!"

Suddenly Lady Angela had an inspiration.

"What's that noise I hear?"

"Only the men coming upstairs. You'd better shut your door and say good-night."

"Fred, if you love me, run down and lay hold of Major Cornerake. Keep him back for five minutes; pretend that you have something to say to him. Do, now—do," and she pushed her brother away and closed her door.

Wondering much within himself what new freak had possession of his sister's mind, Lord Frederick good-naturedly descended to the smoking room, waylaid Major Cornerake, and detained him in conversation for a few minutes. They were the last to leave the room, and on their way upstairs whom should they meet but Lady Angela, dressed exactly as she had been when she quitted the drawing-room!

"Oh, Fred!" she exclaimed, "I must speak to you. You are a very wicked man, Major, to keep my brother so long in that horrid smoking-room. I thought he was never coming up; and I wanted so to speak to him to-night. Good-night, Major, and good-bye. You leave us by the early train to-morrow, don't you?"

"Yes, worse luck. One of those abominable Board meetings at 12. Can't miss it. By the way, Lady Angela, as I mayn't see you again, I beg to offer you my congratulations on your engagement," and the fussy little man executed a smile and bow.

"Congratulations, Major Cornerake! I don't understand you."

"Then it isn't true? I said it wasn't true. But I was told Duncinan——"

"Lord Duncinan! Engaged to him! No, indeed! If such a rumor is afloat, I beg as a particular favor that you will contradict it. You and he belong to the same set, don't you?"

"Yes. He is a member of two clubs I belong to."

"Then you will contradict this absurd story whenever you hear it?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And if you wish to know a secret—a dead secret, mind," pursued Lady Angela archly, "I will tell you whom he is engaged to; and that is Miss Vaughan."

"Nonsense, Angela; don't meddle in what doesn't concern you," said Lord Frederick brusquely.

But the major was highly delighted. "I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I knew it all along. I'm not blind; I knew something of the kind was going on."

"Well, I believe it is a secret at present. But I really must say good-night, Major, and good-bye."

Next morning Lady Angela Curtis was not at the breakfast-table; neither was Miss Vaughan.

Lord Duncinan's frequent notes to the former lady remained unanswered, to his great surprise.

But just before he entered the dogcart which was to take him to the station he received a packet from Lady Angela's maid. It contained his own billets of that morning, together with the following communication:—

"Lady Angela Curtis begs to return Lord Duncinan's notes, and to inform him that, owing to a circumstance which must be clear to Lord Duncinan's recollection, the engagement between them (if such it can be called) is finally at an end."

Lord Duncinan turned pale as he read this letter. He crushed it up in his hand and thrust it into the outside pocket of his ulster.

"Little vixen! I suppose she has heard. Well, I've done it now. I can't face either of them again, that's certain," he muttered to himself as he drove down the avenue.

About the same time Beatrice received the following note:—

"Dearest Beatrice,—I wish you would forget what has passed between us last night. It was all a mistake.—Ever yours,

"A."

But this was not enough to soothe Beatrice's wounded heart. She puzzled over Lady Angela's letter all day, and in the evening sent a message to ask her to come to her room and explain it, only to learn that Lady Angela had returned to town by the afternoon train.

So, sadly bruised and bewildered, Beatrice returned to her home at Collingford Rectory on the following day.

But when on that same day Lord Duncinan reached his club he found himself overwhelmed with felicitations on his approaching marriage with Beatrice Vaughan.

Lady Angela knew what she was about when she communicated a secret of that kind to Major Cornerake. Everybody knew it for a fact, and Duncinan found that his denials were not always believed. He did not know whether he ought to believe them himself.

He could not allow the rumor to spread; and yet, suppose Beatrice still thought herself engaged to him?

Great was his relief in this perplexity to see the burly figure of his friend Fitzgeorge, who had suddenly returned from Egypt, entering the smoking-room of the "Imperial."

In a moment he had rushed up to his friend and seized him by the arm:

"My dear fellow," he cried, "I'm in the most awful mess. I do wish you would tell me what I should do."

"Wait till I've had a steak, old man, and I'll listen to you as long as you like."

When the man of war's appetite had been satisfied, Lord Duncinan told his tale.

"Well; I think of all the brilliant—hem!—adventures I ever heard of——"

"But what am I to do, old fellow?"

"Go down to Collingford—isn't that the name of the place?—see Miss Vaughan, and talk her over."

"But she won't listen to me. I never went near her or sent her a line all that time. She must consider me one of the most dishonorable of men."

"I daresay. But you may talk her over. Anyhow, you ought to go. Don't tell more fibs than you can help."

With much hesitation Lord Duncinan departed on his mission. As he anticipated, Beatrice refused to see him.

But he persevered and at last a note declaring that he was leaving by the next train and begging for a last farewell had the desired effect.

The usual result followed.

Beatrice was immensely happy, and so, after a milder fashion, was her fickle suitor.

"So, Anthony, that idea of Lady Angela's was all a mistake?" she said, as she stood leaning her head against her lover's shoulder on the eve of his return to town.

"All a mistake, my love."

"I wonder what can have made her fancy such a thing?"

"Perhaps jealousy, my own," said Lord Duncinan, smoothing his moustache.

In the Rain.

BY RITA.

"IT is only a shower, a summer shower; it will soon pass over," said one to another of the young people watching from an open door the fierce rush and clatter of the hailstones and heavy drops that had driven all the pedestrians from the wet pavements, and converted the gutters into rushing streams.

"It could not last much longer," they repeated, hopefully; and still the rain clattered down and kept them prisoners.

They had met by appointment a couple of hours earlier: Curis Roberts and his two sisters; pretty, lively Mirrie Wendover, their fast friend, with her grave, manly, betrothed, Earnest Dorrington; and a couple of Mirrie's cousins—a bride and bridegroom of so few weeks that the glamor of the honeymoon still hung about them.

But young Mrs. Anson was considered sufficiently staid to chaperon the four fair spinsters who had arranged to spend a pleasant morning together in visiting an art gallery.

"We are seven," Chris Roberts had quoted, and Ernest had just reminded his companions that there is luck in odd numbers, when they were joined by a certain Mr. Corfield, a handsome dandy who had made the acquaintance of the Misses Roberts at a flower-show.

By them he was joyfully welcomed, and he did not choose to see how their brother scowled at him, nor how very frigidly Ernest Dorrington responded to the introduction.

Truth to tell, "Handsome Cort," as he was nicknamed, belonged to a fast set, and many things were whispered concerning him which Chris would not have cared to repeat to his sisters, nor Ernest to his betrothed.

But here he was, and though the young men secretly denounced it as an intrusion, they had to endure his companionship.

Unexceptionable in appearance, suave in manner, and willing enough to be a very amusing companion, Mr. Corfield had already contrived to make both the Misses Roberts imagine that he had a special *tendresse* for them.

This did not prevent his casting such admiring glances at the bride, that she alternated between gratified vanity and annoyance, while he also found so many opportunities of murmuring sweet nothings to Mirrie Wendover, that Mirrie's betrothed wrestled with an insane desire to have the puppy all to himself in some quiet spot, where he could pummel him soundly and no one interfere.

However, such belligerent intentions had to be concealed under an air of decent civility, and the party sauntered about the gallery, inspecting pictures, and statuettes, and bric-a-brac; sometimes separating into groups, sometimes gathering together before some fine painting to discuss its merits or point out its defects.

But time passed on; the bride and bridegroom—having another engagement—trotted off arm-in-arm, the other ladies began to grow weary, and Chris to remind his sisters that their father did not like to be kept waiting for his dinner.

Mr. Corfield also remembered an appointment, and sighed his regrets that he must depart; sighed them to the Misses Roberts openly, and secretly in the ear of Mirrie Wendover as he followed her from the gallery.

But on reaching the outer hall the discovery was made that it was raining heavily.

Light summer dresses and lace sunshades would be ruined by such a pelting shower, and no one but the dandy had had the forethought to bring an umbrella.

Under cover of this Mr. Corfield went off, promising to send a couple of cabs from the nearest stand; but whether he found none there, or forgot his promise, we know not; certainly no vehicles appeared, and Mirrie began to look disconsolate, and Chris Roberts to abuse the weather, while his sisters got up a little quarrel between themselves, which made it very embarrassing for their fellow-sufferers.

"We must hail the first conveyance that passes," said Chris, craning his neck up and down the street. "We could pack the three girls into a hansom for want of anything better. But is Miss Wendover agreeable?"

"I could walk," Mirrie replied. "The distance to my home is nothing, and my shoes are thick; but I do not like the idea of a drenching."

"I can fetch you an ulster and umbrella in ten minutes," cried Ernest, "if your friends will agree not to go away till I return."

"Make haste, then," responded Chris. "If the Lord Mayor himself should stop and offer us a lift in his state carriage, we will not leave Miss Wendover till you come back."

Away went Ernest Dorrington, his coat-collar turned up and his hat pulled over his eyes. Nor was he long absent, returning breathless with the haste he had made, just as Chris had succeeded in stopping an empty cab, into which he was handing his sisters.

With curt adieu and promises to meet again shortly, the Roberts family drove off, and Mirrie hastened to envelop herself in her wrap, wondering the while what made Ernest look so pale and stand by her so silent, and even gloomy.

"You have over-exerted yourself!" she exclaimed, anxiously, but he made no reply, affecting to busy himself in opening the umbrella he prepared to hold over her head.

"There was nothing wrong at home, was there?" she inquired, perplexed at the sudden and strange change she perceived in him.

She knew that he had frowned jealously as he watched Mr. Corfield hovering about her and whispering to her; but then he had smiled again as soon as she shook off this too officious gentleman, and listened cordially while she railed against the conceit of such general lovers, and expressed a hope that Handsome Corf would yet be caught in his own toils.

"I saw no one except the servant who answered my knock," Ernest replied. "But—I found this."

"This!" Mirrie echoed, wonderingly, as she stared at the scrap of paper he was offering to her.

"Before you make any attempts to deny that it is yours," he went on to say, "I will tell you how it came into my possession. When your mother's servant handed me the ulster for which I asked her, and I threw it over my arm, the contents of one of the pockets fell out. Of course I gathered them up again—a handkerchief, a pencil, some half-pence, and—this note. I could not help seeing how it commenced, and I should like to know how that fellow Corfield dare address you in such terms of endearment as 'my darling!'"

"Mr. Corfield has never written to me!" cried Mirrie, hastily. "Never in his life!"

"And yet you have one of his notes in your pocket!"

"It is not mine; I assure you it is not mine!"

"And yet it is in your possession!" she was reminded, with ironic emphasis.

Mirrie turned the paper over and over, blushing and faltering as her eye fell upon sentences expressive of a very ardent attachment.

"It could not have been written to me; it could not have fallen out of my pocket! It is impossible!"

To which protestations Ernest answered never a word, stalking along beside the now agitated girl, careful to guard her from wet and mud, but never relaxing in the icy scorn that said—"All is over between us, you are as false as you are deceitful, and from henceforth we meet no more."

"Someone has done this in an ill-natured joke," Mirrie declared. "I mean that someone who knows how horribly jealous you are, must have put it where you found it."

"Did that clever 'someone' know it would rain this morning, and I should fetch your ulster, and by my clumsiness scatter the contents of the pocket? Your attempts at explanation only make matters worse."

"But indeed, Ernest, I assure you on my honor that I have never corresponded with Mr. Corfield, nor do I believe that is his handwriting."

"Do you mean me to understand that you receive such tender *billet-doux* from other men, and are in doubt as to which of your lovers sent you this identical one?"

Mirrie grew pale now, but it was with indignation.

"For shame, sir. How dare you say such dreadful—such unpardonable things to me?"

"I might answer, how dare you play so treacherous a part by me?" he retorted. "I have loved you with all my heart; wooed you openly, and made the most strenuous efforts to improve my position, so that when you became my wife I might give you such a home as I thought worthy of you. And while I have been toiling and saving, making you my first consideration in all things, you have been flirting with fellows like Corfield, and secretly gloating over such letters as the one you now hold in your hand."

With an angry exclamation, Mirrie crushed it between her fingers and flung it from her.

She would no longer attempt to defend herself. Ernest ought to have more confidence in her than to imagine she could be guilty of such treachery.

But she could not remain silent. Already her home was in sight, and to let Ernest leave her in this mood would be to lose him for ever.

"You are using me cruelly," she sobbed. "Why do you persist in doubting my word? I have assured you, on my honor, that I know nothing about this letter."

"Explain how it came into your possession. If you can do this——"

"I cannot, you know I cannot, except by saying, as I did before, that some mischievous person has played me a trick."

"It sounds so highly probable, does it not?" queried Ernest, sarcastically. "You have no younger brothers or sisters, and your servants are not flighty girls, but elderly women. By Heaven I feel certain now of what I refused to credit an hour ago when Mrs. Anson suggested it—it was by your invitation that fellow joined us."

Mirrie gave the speaker one reproachful glance through her tears ere she ran up the steps of her father's house, exclaiming:

"If you can think so ill of me as this—if instead of loving you have been suspecting me—why go, sir! I never wish to see you again."

Into the hall she stumbled as soon as the door was opened, pulling out her handkerchief to wipe away the tears that were blinding her.

But in the act of doing so she gave a convulsive start, held the little square of cambric at arm's length, stared at it stupidly, then plunged her hand into the pocket from which the damaging *billet-doux* had fallen, drew from it a tiny note-book, and subjected it to a very cursory examination.

The next moment she had run back to the door to seize Ernest by the arm, and was looking up in his face, half laughing, half angry.

"I bade you go—now I bid you stay till you have had the explanation you have been demanding. Here it is then; believe it or not, as you please. This is not my ulster.

"Yes," she added, as she met his gaze of utter incredulity, "I know what you are going to say, and I admit that the material of the ulster must have been cut off the same piece; but these are not my buttons, nor has mine the same kind of cuffs. Besides, this note-book belongs to an Alice Jones, of 120, Blank Street, whom I do not know—do you? Here is her name written in it—read for yourself."

"But how——" began Ernest, surprised, confused, yet delighted.

"How have she and I made such an odd exchange? I think I know. It must have been at the lecture given by the Rev. Joshua Brown at the schools about a fortnight ago. I took my ulster with me because mamma presaged rain, gave it into the charge of a woman in attendance, reclaiming it when I came away, but without looking to see whether she had given me my very own or no. I wonder what Miss Alice Jones will say when she learns the fate of her letter. I don't envy you your task of apologising for having read it."

"Mirrie——"

"Miss Wendover, if you please, Mr. Dorrington. After such proofs as you have just given of the very poor estimation in which you have held me, it is impossible that we can ever renew our engagement."

And she drew off her ring and tendered it to the donor, whose pleading looks she positively refused to see.

"Then you have no pity for what I have been suffering? you make no excuses for me?" he sighed.

"Can you make any for yourself?"

Ernest was mute for a few seconds, then did the wisest thing he could have done—answered sadly in the negative.

"By judging you too hastily, Mirrie, I have destroyed my own happiness, but I shall love you always; and if ever you can resolve to forgive me——"

"Oh! I do—I do that now!" and Mirrie sank into the arms opened to enfold her. "Appearances were against me, I acknowledge it, and perhaps this little trial of our faith in each other——"

"From which I have come out wanting," Ernest muttered, remorsefully.

"This little trial," she repeated, "will teach both of us not to be in a hurry to quarrel again. We might have parted for ever, separated, to live dreary, divided lives, and then——"

The prospect of what might have been was such a direful one that Mirrie had to be soothed into forgetting it, and the quarrel that began in the rain ended in the sunshine of a perfect reconciliation.

Vice is contagious and there is no trusting the sound and the sick together.

ACCIDENTS AND AILMENTS.

Small accidents and small ailments come to every one sooner or later. When they occur, it is wisest (and, in the long run, it costs the least trouble) to go at once to the doctor and find out what is the best to be done.

Sometimes, however, the doctor's advice cannot be had on the instant. Then it is a good thing to know how to act until he arrives, so that bad may not become worse through neglect or ignorant treatment.

The following hints may be of value to people who wish to know what should be done in certain cases until skilled aid can be obtained:

Fainting Fits.—Lay the patient flat on the ground, to make the head low; loosen all tight clothing, and be sure that the room is not close. In hysterical fits, self-control is what is wanted, and too much sympathy is harmful.

Bleeding from the Nose, when not excessive, need not cause alarm; sometimes it relieves the system. When it goes too far, apply cold water to the forehead, neck, and back; or throw the head back and hold the arms above the head; or press the cheek bone with the fingers just above the bleeding nostril.

Burns and Scalds—Put a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into a pint of hot milk and water (equal parts). Wet a piece of old linen or calico with this, put it over the sore, and cover with wool or flannel. If there is no milk, use warm water with soda in it, and keep the parts wet and well covered.

When a Person's Clothes Catch Fire seize her by the hand or by some part not burning and try to make him or her lie down. Throw a piece of carpet, a woollen table cloth, a shawl, or anything which can be snatched up quickly, over the sufferer, and endeavor to beat out the fire.

When a House is on Fire remember that a window or place of egress can often be reached by crawling on the floor when it would be impossible to walk out upright. Also, if a rush has to be made along a passage or staircase, envelop the head in a thick shawl to exclude the smoke.

Common Cuts.—Wash the part with cold water, and bring the edges of the skin together by narrow strips of strapping plaster. If, after a few hours, inflammation and pain occur, dress the wound with lint soaked in calendula lotion and covered with oiled silk. When there is any foreign substance in a wound, such as splinters of wood, sand, or broken glass, do not close the wound until it is quite clean.

In cuts where the bleeding is bright scarlet, and spurts out in jets, let some one press the bleeding place, and some one else fetch the doctor instantly, for the case is dangerous. Pressure properly applied will stop the bleeding till the doctor arrives. Cuts on the skin should have linen moistened with spirit laid upon them. The leg will heal more quickly if it can be put up and rested for a few hours.

Wounds caused by a blow or fall may be treated like a common cut—that is, made thoroughly clean with or with water; then dressed with calendula.

Boils, though painful, are not dangerous. Their appearance is a sign that something is not as it should be; either that health is not good, or that some irritating cause is at work. A complete change of air and scene will often prevent. After the core has been removed a wet compress or dry cotton wool should be laid on them. A poultice at this stage would keep them from healing.

In growing Toe Nail may be remedied by softening the nail in warm water, cutting it straight across the top, and scraping the top so as to make the arch rise. The parts which tend to grow in should not be cut, because a nail grows most where it is cut most.

Stings and Bites of Insects—Cut a slice of the common onion, and lay it at once on the wound. If the pieces are changed every few minutes the pain will soon be lessened. If a wasp or bee has inflicted the pain, examination should be made for the sting, as this is often left in the wound, and it must be extracted.

CHEERFULNESS.—Of all minor Christian graces none is more worthy of cultivation than cheerfulness. It is the genial warmth of life, never, passion-like, pulsing up to fever-glow nor ebbing down to death-chill. It is the light of home-life, not dazzling or fluctuating, but beaming steadily, unpretending on through the clouds and gloom of every storm and tempest. It is the sweet that makes the bitter cup of life palatable without being sickly, and drinkable without inducing by its luciousness haste in the drinking. It is the softener of all irregularities, the soft hand that, passing over the wrinkled forehead, wrinkled by the weary cares of life, smooths out the lines and cools its fever. It is the tender lip that presses gently on the cold hard creases which unkindness and cruelty have graven round the world-weary mouth, kissing them away into dimples.

WHEN we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists. Take no other—it is the best.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

A FREQUENT source of error is the substitution of one letter for another. Thus on one occasion the line "So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain" appeared in print as "So the struck eagle streiched upon the plate."

In the case of misprints of the character of that above cited, the first impression of the reader who sees them would likely be that the mistakes must have been intentional.

But this conclusion is not necessarily the correct one, for a compositor seldom attempts to follow the sense of the manuscript he is putting into type. Indeed it is a proverb with printers that he who does this will never become a rapid workman.

The idea is that it is the duty of a compositor to "follow copy," and that it is the business of the proof-reader to correct errors.

Sometimes, however, the printer will undertake to rectify a mistake into which he conceives the author has fallen, and not always with the happiest results. Thus a compositor, ignorant of the Greek mythology, came across the sentence, "Shall reign the Hecate of the lowest hell." This must be wrong, was the argument, for cat is not spelt with a final e; so the line was changed to read, "Shall reign the He cat of the lowest hell."

In this connection the writer may mention that in a story of his a similar emendation of the text was attempted by the printer.

In the tale—the scene of which was laid in America—a hunter was represented as saying, "I was as hungry as a painter," this word being commonly used for panther in the Western States. Now the compositor evidently supposed that he had discovered a mistake, for why should a painter be more liable to suffer from hunger than people following other avocations? The phrase, therefore, was altered to painter. In the proof sent the author the a was struck out and an e substituted for it.

In the "revise" the requisite alteration had not been made, and it was only when attention was called to the mistake for the second time that it was corrected.

The bad handwriting of some authors is the cause of many of the typographical errors which occur in their works. The manuscripts of Balzac, the French author, for instance, were almost illegible, and this circumstance, combined with the numerous alterations and inter-lineations with which they abounded, rendered the novelist the bugbear of the compositors employed in the offices where his works were printed.

In fact, the workmen were in the practice of stipulating that they should not be required to devote more than a small portion of their time each day to Balzac's copy, since, otherwise, the work—paid by the piece, as is usual—would not afford them a living.

The late Horace Greeley, the eminent American journalist, is another example of a man of letters writing an exceptionally bad hand.

Not only was it most difficult for others to read his manuscript, but he himself, when a little while had elapsed since he had penned it, frequently found it impossible to do so. An anecdote is related of him that having, on one occasion, addressed a note to an employee discharging him for incompetence, the man, confident that no one was likely to decipher the execrable scrawl, had the assurance, when seeking another situation, to offer the letter in question as a testimonial received from his previous employer.

WHAT WIVES ARE FOR.—It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the food chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes that she has made, or send him to see the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom in her hands and send him to witness its use.

Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets a failure and defeat, trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin; and he needs a woman who feels that he has something to fight for and will help him to fight, who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration.

"MAMMA, what is 'her jags?'" "I don't know, dear; why?" "I heard papa say: 'Wait till her jags goes to the country an we'll paint the town red.'" "Who did he say it to, dear?" "The new maid." "Ah! 'her jags,' dear, is the new maid, and papa won't have to wait long before she goes."

WE cannot be guilty of greater uncharitableness than to interpret afflictions as punishments and judgments.

For coughs, colds or any irritation of the throat, take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 c.

Salvation Oil, the great pain cure, is sold by druggists and dealers in medicine at 25 cts.

THE DINNER TABLE.

The appearance a dinner table presents does not depend so much upon the profuseness of viands as upon the neatness, cleanliness, and well-studied arrangement of the whole.

The first course generally consists of soups. Take a piece of bread in the left hand and the spoon in the right, and sip noiselessly from the side of the spoon. Do not take two plates of the same soup, and never tip the plate.

When regular courses are served, the next dish is fish, which should be eaten with the fork. Next come the roast and boiled meats.

When champagne is given, it is handed round upon salvers, at small parties, commencing at the right hand side of the table from the top and bottom simultaneously, without any distinction as regards ladies or gentlemen.

In large parties—and some prefer the arrangement even in small ones—the bottle is enveloped as far as the neck with a clean dinner-napkin; the wine is assisted in the same order as before, but instead of being handed round on a silver salver the servants pour the wine into the glass at the right-hand side of each guest.

The champagne is generally iced in summer and cool in winter, and is assisted as soon as the soup is finished, or just after the guests have been helped to the second course of removes.

In some circles the fashion prevails of placing finger-glasses on the table immediately preceding dessert; but in others, especially of the highest fashion, cut-glass bowls, partially filled with rose or orange-flower water, iced in summer and luke-warm in winter, are handed down each side of the table upon salvers; into these each guest dips the corner of the dinner-napkin and just touches the lips and the tips of the fingers to afford a refreshing feeling.

The napkin should not be folded unless at your own table, when each member of the family is usually provided with a ring. The napkin should be changed for dessert. Vegetables are usually put upon separate plates.

VIRTUES OF GLYCERINE.—As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. When the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night, and a light or open sock worn, the foot washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odor, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns, cannibus indicus and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected part, will soon restore to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with the glycerine two parts, water one part, applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms of coughing, either in coughs, colds or consumption, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whisky, or hot rich cream, will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—Several good compositions written by boys on the subject of girls are going the rounds. Here is a little girl's composition on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by-and-bye. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well, I guess I can do better if I try again,' and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there has been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

A HEAD of a household, whom fashion alone forced to the opera and to the concert room, was once asked why he subscribed to a certain series of concerts which were remarkable for their dryness. "You do not appear to be much amused," said the inquirer. "I am not—far from it; in fact these performances bore me dreadfully, and send me to sleep." "Then why do you come? Why do you subscribe?" "Well, only for the sake of the exquisite pleasure I feel immediately each concert is over."

SEVENTY AND TWENTY YEARS were respectively the ages of a couple married in Hudson county, N. J., this week. The groom, who is the older, was before married, and has children older than the bride.

ILL health modifies all possible goodness. Restore your health by using Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, regulates the liver. Try it—120 doses for $1 00. Sold by your druggist. There is no Sarsaparilla "just as good." Get it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is said that the Princess Maud of Wales carefully collects in the yards at Sandringham House, and those of Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne, all the peacock's feathers, and begs them also from her young friends of the English nobility. With this plumage, received without cost, she makes pretty hand-screens and sells them at bazars for the profit of poor little children.

The members of the Chinese Legation at Washington, try very hard to make themselves popular in society. They often make handsome presents, of rare jewelry, perhaps costly silk to casual acquaintances. They are very assiduous in paying calls. They start out together and go from house to house, leaving their cards and photographs. They seem to think that their names will not be recognized, so they leave their pictures to establish their respective individualities. But to most Washingtonians the photographs all look alike.

A physician has come to the defence of gum chewing. He says: "The evils of gum chewing are exaggerated by those who consider the habit ill-bred and vulgar. Women do infinitely more harm to their stomachs with pickles, ices and hot drinks, and by eating between meals, than by chewing gum. There are cases where moderate gum chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Bolted food goes into the stomach without the necessary saliva, which can only be had by working the jaws, and it is an excellent thing to chew a bit of harmless gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva."

Some curious facts are put forth by a recent lady writer, in substance that owing to the extraordinary development of the modern brain it requires all the available room in the skull and there is no space left for the attachment of muscles for a powerful jaw. Cooked food also causes a degeneracy in the development of the jaw. Consequently there is no room left for either the wisdom teeth or the second upper incisors; the wisdom teeth are retarded, often cause a great pain and decay early. In the same way men, and the manlike apes, have fewer teeth than the lower monkeys, and these than insectivorous mammalia to which they are most nearly allied. This is a new argument for evolution. As a man arises in a scale of civilization and intellectual improvement his teeth disappear. Is it possible that the teeth can be educated out of the human frame and will the time come when the perfect man will have no natural teeth at all? That will be a big day for the modern dentist.

A despatch from Wichita, Kan., says: "The baby of a farmer, William Beattie, who lives on the Cimarron river, north of the territory line was carried off by an eagle on Saturday. Beattie went to work in the morning, leaving in his dug-out his two children, one five years old and a baby aged two months. About noon Beattie returned and found his girl in tears. She said she had taken the baby in the yard, and left it while she went into the house. In a few minutes she heard a cry; and on looking out saw the baby 'flying away,' as she expressed it. The father knew at once that an eagle had visited his home, and summoned his neighbors to the wooded banks of the river for which the eagle had made. In about an hour the sound of a shot summoned the searchers together. One of the men had found the eagle and was engaged in a conflict with it. He had emptied his gun at the big bird and had broken a wing, and was using his gun as a club when reinforcements arrived. The eagle fluttered into the bush, and then the father saw his infant dead, and the body badly lacerated."

FORGOT ABOUT IT.—Brown—"Have you seen Robinson recently, Dunley?" Dunley—"I hear he has been sick." Dunley—"Yes, I saw him this morning." Brown—"How is he?" Dunley—"By thunder, I forgot to ask him. I just said, 'How are you old man?' and passed on."

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, September 24, 1890.

WITH OUR FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE IN THE house you can do your shopping at home nearly as well as if here. Ready October 1st. Send your name and address on a postal card and it will be mailed to you without charge.

A SILK AND WOOL BENGALINE THAT IS A LITTLE wrong is all wrong. The union must be perfect to get the good of two fibres so different. Strength of the cotton, softness of the wool, finish that means brilliancy with well-usage.

We have chosen Bengalines with the greatest care. Every test. From cocoon and fleece to fabric nothing skimped. We stand behind every yard that goes over our counters. Good body, [illegible] and all the new shades that find favor. For [illegible] grades, $1, $1 25 a yard.

SATIN FLANNELS, PLAIDS AND STRIPES IN [illegible] A [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] The weather [illegible] right to sell [illegible] Now if you [illegible] We [illegible] to handle it with [illegible] satisfaction [illegible] yard.

SATIN DE LYONS, TWILLED SILK, PARAGON [illegible] for [illegible] $2 25. Same, 36 inches [illegible] that is half the selling price.

A NEW ARRIVAL OF THOSE FAMOUS [illegible] GLOVES, in all the shades of tan, browns, grays and black. These are real kid (not lamb), [illegible] embroidered. If anything, better than last season, and then they easily led the procession of competitors.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT JIP DID.

BY E. OLENTON.

WHAT a hot day it was! There was no breeze and not a cloud in the sky.

The cows and sheep had gone to lie down in the shade of the trees, and it was too hot for them to care to graze in the fierce rays of the sun, and none but those who had to go out were to be seen on the roads.

May Knight would have gone out but Mrs. Knight would not let her do so till she had her tea; for by that time the heat would not be so great; and so she had to make the hours pass by as well as she could.

Mrs. Knight had a bad pain in her head and went to lie down and Nurse was out.

It was not Mrs. Knight's wish that she should go till it was cool, but the next day May was to go out to tea, and she had gone to the town, which was quite two miles off, to buy some lace to trim a cool white dress for her.

"I shan't have time to do it ma'am, if I don't get it at once, and I don't mind the heat, for I'm so strong it won't hurt me," she said.

"Well, then, if you must go," said Mrs. Knight. "Cook wants some things, and I wish you would get them and bring them home."

It was a good long list that Cook gave to Nurse, but she did not mind that, and with Mrs. Knight's small dog Jip by her side, off she went.

May found some old books which had been Mrs. Knight's when she was a child; they had strange prints in them that quite made May laugh to look them through.

As she sat there with one book in her lap and one on the floor at her feet in came Jip, when May saw him she thought at once that Nurse must have come back, but she was too full of her books to care to go and see her.

Jip came up to her, gave two short barks, and ran to the door, as if he thought May would come now and have a good game with him.

"No," said she, "I don't want to play; Jip lie down."

But Jip would not do this, and caught hold of the edge of her dress with his sharp teeth, to try and make her come after him.

"Don't," said she at last, and she was quite cross. "I won't come with you, Jip, go off at once;" and she drove him out of the room and then shut the door on him.

Poor Jip, sent off in this way, ran to one of the maids who, he knew, was fond of him, and went on in much the same way with her as he had done with May.

He gave two or three sharp barks and then ran to the door, then stood still to see if she would come.

She too thought this was play, but when he came back to her and took hold of her dress to drag her on, she said:

"How strange you are, Jip; what can you want?"

As she had a short time to spare she let him lead her on; and when he saw that she meant to come he gave barks for joy, and ran on past the lawn, through the gate out to the road.

The maid ran there too; and straight down the road the dog went, then up the lane which was the short way to the town. When the maid came to the end of the lane she saw that Jip stood by the side of some one who lay half on the path and half on the road.

She knew at once from the grey dress that it must be the Nurse; but what could it be that made her lie on the ground like that? She ran up to her, and saw that she was ill; her eyes were shut, and she took no heed of her when she shook her to try and rouse her.

Then (for she was a strong girl) she drew her more to the side of the path, and out of the way of the road, and where there was some shade from the hedge, and then went back to the house to get some help to bring her home.

This did not take her long to do and the coach-man and the groom both came, and, with the aid of a gate which they took from the next field and laid her on, they brought her home; at least they meant to at first to do this, but the coach-man's wife met them on the way (she was a great friend of Nurse), and said:

"Oh, let her come to our lodge; I will see to her and nurse her."

When Dr. Blane came to the lodge he said there was no doubt but she had had a bright sun stroke, and when he heard how Jip had made the news known he said it was a good thing she had been found so soon, for she would have been far worse had she been left for long in the sun.

"Oh dear;" thought May, when she had heard all this, "I do wish I had not been cross to Jip; and I wish I had gone with him and found Nurse, but I thought it was all in play."

The fact was, that though May was a nice good girl on the whole, yet her mind was more full of her own thoughts than of how to please those who were round her.

Mrs. Knight did try to make her see this now and then, though of course in this case she did not blame her, but May thought a good deal of it and did her best to cure herself of her fault.

Now I must tell you one more tale of Jip.

A few months had gone by, and Nurse was quite well, when Mrs. Knight, May, and she went up to town for a few days, and Jip went with them. I don't know if it was all the noise in the street that made him lose his head, and so fail to keep with Nurse and May; but the first time he went out with them they lost him.

How sad May was at this, and both she and Nurse shed tears at the lost of their dear dog.

Mrs. Knight had bills put in all the shops near to say she would give £5 to get him back once more; but all in vain.

At last some one said; "You should go to the Dog's Home; you might find him there."

Off went Nurse and May at once, half in hope that they might find him there, and half in fear that he might be dead.

Well, I am glad to say they were just in time. Jip was there; but the next day he would have been put in the room where lots of dogs had met their death, but a death of no pain, for they had just to lie down and go to sleep, and woke up no more.

If Jip had not been a dog with a great deal of good sense I am sure he would have been spoilt by Nurse and May. They felt they could not praise him too much, and all that he could wish for they took care he should have.

THE STORY OF THE WINDS.

BY REFLEX.

"WHEW, whew, whe-e-ew!" whistled the North Wind as he rushed along, tearing over chimney-pots, shaking windows and shutters as if a giant was trying to enter.

On he went, utterly regardless of consequences, knocking the heads of the trees together like so many naughty schoolboys, flying along—one would have said in hot haste, only he blew so bitterly cold that the poor little shivering children cowered down more closely to the walls, hoping to escape his fury as he passed.

The truth of the matter was that the North Wind was hurrying to the great Annual Meeting of the Winds, where each one has to tell the good he or she has done during the past year, and the old North Wind was late.

He arrived at last, however, and great was the welcome he received, even from his gentle sister, Mistress West Wind, who generally stood in awe of her big brother from the north.

"Well," said the North Wind, when they were all seated round the glade which formed the council chamber, "what news do you bring, my brother and sisters? What work has been done since we last met? Thou, brother East, art more prone to evil than good, I fear me; what hast thou to say?"

At this the East Wind rose, and coming forward to his brother, presented him with a parchment scroll, saying, "Read for thyself of my work, my brother, and judge."

"Just after our meeting here last year I started off for the City, going my usual round, peeping into open doors, blowing through half-closed shutters, just to remind people that they were open, and that they had better be shut.

"As I went along one desolate street in the heart of the city, I blew against a man whom I knew, and who had better have been home with his wife and child than wandering about as he was; so I gave a sharp little puff just into his neck, but he only shivered and went on.

"After that I gave him a good blow right down his back; and didn't he waken up then! With a grunt, off he started at a trot; I following, you may be sure, up one street and down another, till I brought him up breathless at his own crazy old door. I tried to blow softly when I saw what was there.

"Listen, my brother! There was no furniture, no bed, no fire, no anything, but a poor miserable woman huddled up in a corner, holding something that was lying on a bed of straw, and that something was a tiny thin hand, belonging to a poor little child, who lay there covered with an old rag of carpet.

"When we entered, the woman took no notice, only shivered closer to the straw; but the little one, looking up with, oh! such a world of wistfulness in her eyes, said, 'Daddy, see what I've got!' and, with an effort, the child held up a cutting of ivy. 'The angels sent it me, dad,' she went on: 'mother said so when she brought it in; and there's some bread for your supper, and mother has some milk too for you, dad, and a lady gave her a dime for her singing to night, and we will all be so happy now you've come home, if it wasn't so cold,' she murmured, as she sank back exhausted in the straw.

"But she wasn't done yet; she motioned the mother to set out the bread and milk for her father, and would not rest till he had finished his share, as she called the bit that he had.

"Poor fellow! he wasn't all bad: one tiny green spot had been left in his heart which sin and temptation had not yet touched, and he went over to the child and kissed her.

"Big tears started to his eyes at the touch of the poor thin face, and he fairly broke down when the little one, with one arm round his neck and the other hand in her mother's, slowly and painfully repeated 'Our Father,' which she had learnt at Sunday-school in happier days.

"When she had ended, a solemn silence filled the wretched room, broken only by the sobs of her father and mother. At last the little voice again said, 'Dad, dear, when I go, will you plant this ivy on my grave? may be it will grow, and you will come and see it now and then, and if it keeps green you will know I'm happy, and you'll try and come to the Good Happy Land too; won't you?' 'Yes, dearie,' the father and mother answered through their tears; and then, to quiet her, they both lay down and, worn out, they gradually fell asleep beside her.

"Gently and lovingly the Angel of Death entered in and lifted the little one in his arms, leaving no trace of his presence save a beautiful smile on the dead child's lips."

When the North Wind ceased reading there was a pause for a few minutes. Then he addressed the South Wind—

"Well, sister, what hast thou to say?"

"I have brought the summer wind to weary travellers," she answered; "tired and worn with the heat of toil.

"The laborers, too, were thankful for my breath fanning their cheeks and brows.

"One day I passed over a churchyard in the Great City, where I saw a tiny grave, and a spray of ivy grew there. A poor man and woman stood by, weeping because the plant drooped with the heat, and seemed almost dying. They kept repeating the words 'If it keeps green, you'll know I'm happy.' I breathed on the ivy, but could not raise it from the ground, so I sadly went my way, searching for my sister here to come and help."

At this the West Wind came forward, and, taking up the story, said—

"Yes, when my sister told me her tale I sped away, driving the rain-clouds before me. That night we reached the churchyard, and watered the poor dying ivy. Next day, before I had yet left, I saw the father come; slowly he approached the little grave, as if afraid he would find the ivy quite dead. He looked at last, and when he beheld the beautiful green leaves shining and bright, and sparkling with a thousand rain-drops, he fell on his knees, saying, 'O God, I thank Thee! Have mercy on me, that I may go to the Good Land too, and rest with my child.'"

THE BROKEN LAMP.

THE tender story is told of a mother's experience and is well worthy of a careful perusal.

She had laid her table with great care and pains for a company of distinguished guests, when her little girl by chance overturned a tureen of gravy all over the snowy cloth.

"What should I do. It seemed a drop too much for my tired nerves—many drops for my table cloth. I was about to drive my child down angrily from the table, when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face, such a worry, frightened, appealing look I never saw, and suddenly a picture of the past came and stood vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before.

"I was myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy day in winter. It was soon after coal-oil lamps were introduced, and my father had bought a very handsome one.

"The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows; so, although it was dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed up stairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen to keep the noise and confusion away from her. I was feeling myself very important, helping to get supper: at any rate, I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized the lamp and went down to the cellar after some butter; I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but alas! I didn't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cemented floor.

"I never shall forget the shock that it gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I didn't dare to go upstairs, and I was afraid to stay down there, to make it worse I heard father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us again and again to be careful of that lamp, and now there it lay, smashed to pieces.

"But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding, or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen I met my father, with such a stern look on his face that I was frightened. I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't, I guess my face would have told the story.

"The children stood silently around waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror-stricken, for the lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a sensation. As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry, that I could not speak.

"But upon glancing again at my father, I saw the angry look die out of his eyes and one of tenderest pity took its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he lifted me in his arms, and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered, oh, so kindly:

"'Never mind little daughter; we all know it was an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again.'

"Oh, what a revulsion of feeling I experienced! It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and, burying my face, I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can efface the memory of it from my mind.

"How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my little girl's face brought it all freshly before me! Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because moved by the same impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she didn't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time? Will she be helped by it when she is a mother, as I have been helped by it to-day?"

PERSEVERANCE WINS.—The man who combines with ability and fair management the perseverance to hold on, will usually make a success of whatever he undertakes, while the one who tries to win all at once is apt to fail. The laborer who starts in to do a day's work, and attempts to do as much in one hour as he ought to do in two, will usually find it necessary in a short time to take a rest, and while he is resting, will lose valuable time, which he evidently feels that he ought to make up, judging from the spasmodic efforts he will make when he starts in to work again.

But at night, the man who works steadily but perseveringly will be found to have accomplished the most, while usually he will be found in a much better condition to commence again the next day.

So it is in business. One will seem to bustle about and make a considerable to-do over what he is doing, and after wasting his energies in accomplishing what, by taking a little more time, could be done with very little effort, and then, because, as he thinks, he fails to meet the success as he imagines he should, becomes discouraged, and is ready to make the change to something else.

This proves a considerable loss in most cases, and, in consequence, he does not succeed as the energy he displays would seem to warrant.

Another man, while he may not make a great display of his energies at the start, will go to work more systematically, will have better opportunities to economize, and in many cases to manage better than when he attempts to rush matters.

If he will but observe, he will be ready to take advantage of any specially favorable circumstances that the man who is constantly shifting about is always making a change at the wrong time, when a little perseverance would have brought him through all right.

In all lines of business there are fluctuations, ups and downs, and in order to succeed we persevere. It is when the odds seem against us that it seems the most important to persevere. M. S.

STOCKING THE YOUTHFUL MIND.—Not only do our schools begin too early in the season, says a famous writer on educational subjects, and too many studies are pursued in them, but the hours devoted to school work are more than should be required, due regard being had for the welfare of both mind and body.

So far as the time usually given to study in the school room is concerned there is very little fault to be found. Six hours a day, with an intermission of half an hour at noon, is an amount of time with which no fault can reasonably be found with children who have passed their twelfth year.

But it is rarely the case that the work ends with the dismissal from school at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for it is carried on with as much, if not more, assiduity at home and during hours that should be devoted to recreation.

Teachers have often told me that they do not require their pupils to study at home. Doubtless they spoke the truth. They should have gone farther; they should not have allowed their pupils to study at home, and if their injunctions to that effect were not sufficient they should have made them known to the parents and have insisted on their enforcement.

Many children are ambitious to excel in their classes or have an insatiable desire for knowledge, the result of an abnormally developed brain.

They should no more be allowed to use that organ to excess than they should be permitted to overload their stomachs with a variety of food.

Yet parents who would unhesitatingly cut off the extra piece of pie for fear of indigestion will not hesitate to encourage the effort to absorb some additional branch of knowledge. There is a mental dyspepsia, the result of redundancy, as surely as there is that form which results from repletion of the digestive organs.

CHILDREN like, to a certain extent, to be treated seriously, and they are generally pleased when they are asked to do something that is useful. A baby that can scarcely toddle will carefully carry some little trifle intrusted to it that is to be given to some other member of the family; the child will go straight to the person indicated; there is not the slightest chance that he will drop or forget the articles given to his keeping. He feels the responsibility of having something to do, and will seriously acquit himself of his duty.

FORBEARANCE and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed.

He that knows nothing doubts of nothing. Do not let your doubts cause you to waver, for you may be assured that Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills will cause the sluggish liver to resume its wonted functions and produce the results you desire. They are effective and harmless, being purely vegetable.

SOMETIME.

Sometime you'll think of these summer days,
Dreamily fading in purple haze.

Sometime, with a thrill of passionate pain
You'll long for their sweetness over again.

Sometime you'll listen, in silence long,
For a girlish voice that was all your own.

Sometime, when the starlight is shining bright,
And the moon drops low in the summer night,

You will watch for a gleaming figure fair,
White-robed and noiseless, with falling hair.

Sometime in your dreaming a little hand
Will linger in yours at love's sweet demand;

And, gazing deep in the luminous eyes,
That made for your light its paradise,

The light, the music and odorous calm
Of this golden-crowned summer will linger like balm.

Till, starting, I waken to clasp but air,
And list to flitting footfall there.

Sometime you'd give all the wise world's praise
For one of these vanishing summer days:

For just one leaf from the swaying bough—
Sometime you'd clasp it; ah! why not now

Ere the lingering light of the perfect days
Has faded, forever, in mystic haze.

THE KITCHEN OF OLD.

In the kitchen of the ancients we find the cooks marshalled in regular order, each according to his rank and skill. Among them we find the "structor" in high estimation.

This individual was an artist of considerable merit, who claimed a full share of admiration as a right learned professor; and indeed we feel quite inclined to bow to his claims, and, moreover, enrol him in the noble army of practical chemists.

He it was who performed marvels both to charm the eye and delight the palate of the epicure. With a common turnip, a harmless gourd, vegetable marrow, or pumpkin, he could counterfeit with astonishing faithfulness both the shape and taste of fish, flesh or fowl.

Let a king in a far inland camp express a craving for the unprocurable sardine or delicate anchovy, and straightway the structor brought his consummate art into play, and at once the trick was done, and royalty could sit down to discuss a delicious dish of fresh herrings or the much esteemed scarlet rock fish.

We are told that a certain king of Bithynia, while leading his army on some inland expedition, had an intense longing for his favorite titbit—pilchards. Luckily, a structor was at the head of his majesty's culinary suite.

He took a turnip, cut it into the resemblance of the desired pilchards, fried them tenderly in oil, salted and powdered them with the seeds of black poppies, and served the dish to the impatient monarch. His majesty was right well pleased, and recommended the dish as an excellent fry of pilchards. On other occasions the structor was as adroit in preparing flesh courses with the most humble not to say despised of roots.

Greek cooks, as we see in the writings of many of the ancients, claimed that there were few professions requiring wider and sounder knowledge and philosophy than that of cooking; and we can hardly doubt them.

The Roman cooks were quite as clever. We are told on credible authority that they contrived to serve up pigeons and young spring chickens—no matter at what season—even though they had nothing but the flesh of four-footed beasts or fish on which to exercise their art.

A writer has recorded a sumptuous dinner where the guests thought they were partaking of tunny, anchovies, sausages, besides a great number of different vegetables; yet the cook only used common pumpkins, seasoned with oils, various condiments, seeds and roots.

Now, these culinary feats are pretty well authenticated, and may be accepted as historically reliable facts. We are inclined to inquire: Were these old-world cooks chemical adepts?

Without a doubt, the semi-magical transformations of the structor were nothing more than the labors of clever chemists. Whether he knew it or not, he availed himself of such roots, seeds, and herbs as our chemists of to-day would choose were they to attempt such gastronomic feats.

Though only practiced extensively by the ancients, yet the art lingered, and even still lingers in out-of-the-way corners. A writer who wrote on the customs of the Parisians in 1783, tells us much that is interesting about the table and kitchen.

He says that the duchesses and marchionesses had become such gourmands, and carried their love of change so far, that they absolutely declined to eat solid meats or anything prepared in the ordinary way. They disdained having to chew their meats like their vassals, the common herd. The cooks were, therefore, obliged to reduce everything to *consommees*, jellies, and *purees*. He tells us also:

"Our cooks anxiously turn their attention to the disguising of every dish. During Lent, the king's cooks serve up dinners where vegetables are made to assume the shape of every fish in the ocean; they even contrive to give the flavors to these dishes of the fishes they imitate."

Thus the good king, bishop and cardinals, while religiously abstaining from forbidden dainties, found an easy and agreeable way of satisfying their gastronomic cravings.

To this day, in Italy, we may taste excellent veal pates, or wholesome fried pork, made out of tunny fish; fish-curries of exquisite delicacy made of vegetable marrows.

In these instances, it is simply the mode of curing, the oil used, and, in the case of the vegetable marrows, the chemical effect of the heat and curry powder, which cause the change.

Beefsteaks, again, juicy and splendidly tender, may be cut from the stem of a pine-tree! These are large mushrooms, or fungi, which are impregnated with a red, blood like fluid.

It would indeed be at once interesting and amusing to see our chemists put on the apron and white cap and serve up a complete artificial dinner from their laboratories, so that the bread vegetables should come before us in the shape of crayfish soup, well fried herring, or carefully-boiled cod, oyster pates, fish-sauces; to be followed by steak pies and savory ragouts.

We know that they could with ease, and indeed daily do, serve us with an artificial cheese or paste of Jargonelle pears and artificial apple-candy. Such things have been done, and can be repeated.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin, without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for the burial.

Grains of Gold.

No task is well performed by a reluctant hand.

There is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.

Fortune does not change men: it unmasks them.

The wisest fellows, we think, are those who agree with us.

Now is always the very best time, if we will only make it so.

Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.

A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

A misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but by the temper of the sufferer.

Many people believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number," and their greatest number is No. 1.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power, can with any certainty discover what, at bottom, is the true character of any man.

There is no protection against slander. Let us pay no attention to these foolish prattlers; let us try to live in innocence, and allow the world to talk.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect; the more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.

Femininities.

Purity of soul and conduct is the first glory of women.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.

Every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

The wife of a well known Vienna banker lately displayed 40 dresses in 21 days in Carlsbad.

"My objection to babies," said an old bachelor, "is that they are so insufferably childish."

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.

Bobby was admiring the fat boy at the dime museum. "Mamma," he said, "what a kind mother he must have!"

Washing dresses and white skirts should never be laid away for winter with the starch in them. It makes them rotten.

Labor to keep a good conscience, for she that is disfurnished thereof hath fear for her bedfellow and care for her companion.

She: "If you would buy me that lovely diamond necklace it would be just heavenly." He, dryly: "Haven't you any earthly wishes?"

In China girls are not obliged to go to school at all. Their position in the empire is so insignificant that no provision is made for their education.

We often hear the right of women to vote advocated. This is not a new idea, for in 1804 single women, 21 years of age, were allowed to vote in New Jersey.

A curious custom that attracts the attention of strangers in Panama is the spectacle of native women walking along the streets smoking long, slender cigars.

Young wife: "Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence." Young husband: "I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl papers in mine."

A new dinner-table wrinkle is a dish of dark-colored jelly, in the centre of which is an electric light. The effect of its sudden illumination is said to be magnificent.

She: "Harry, you would make a poor soldier." He: "A poor soldier! Why, Maud?" She: "Because you don't seem to know how to use your arms." (Tableau.)

In England women are again taking to wearing gaiters. These are made to measure and are of almost any kind of cloth. The favorite, however, is the ordinary drab.

"Is there any way to make new furniture look as though it had been made a century ago?" asks a correspondent. A houseful of children will do it 99 times out of 100.

The cherry-wood cradle in which Mrs. Ruth Hull, of Willingford, Conn., was rocked when a baby has been made into a coffin for that good lady, who at 74 years hears Death knocking a little way off.

Conversation between a mistress and her servant: "Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?" "Yes, ma'am." "And what did they say?" "They said, ma'am, as how it was terrible lucky."

Wife: "What does this circus advertisement mean when it speaks of a man with an iron jaw?" Husband: "Means what it says, of course." "Dear me! I don't know what I would do if I had an iron jaw." "You'd wear it out in about six months."

"I see you have got a new servant," said Mrs. Tomkins. "Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "I make it a point to get a new one every month." "But that must be very inconvenient?" "Yes; but there is nothing going on in this town that I don't hear all about it."

Mamma, the next morning: "Edith, my dear, I don't think you should have such late callers. Mr. Simpkins staid here until after 11 last night." Edith: "Why, mamma, how can you call him a late caller? I'm sure it was only a few minutes after 7 when he called!"

When you speak evil of another you must be prepared to hear others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

Magistrate: "Madam, your husband charges you with assault." She: "Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor (tears) and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

The ladies of the aristocracy of St. Petersburg have organized a series of sleigh races in which they are to be the drivers. Each will have her own color, and the competitors must not be less than 20 years of age nor more than 40. Entries are limited to the aristocracy, and the prizes are very magnificent.

Ingrain carpets, when worn beyond repair, should be cut into lengthwise strips and woven the same as a rag carpet. It is unnecessary to sew the ingrain cuttings, weavers generally preferring to overlap the strips as they weave. Mats and carpets assume quite a Persian look when made in this way, and are very durable.

Miss Clara, blushing: "Do you know, Ethel, that young Mr. Sampson proposed to me last night and I accepted him?" Miss Ethel, heartily: "I congratulate you sincerely, Clara. Mr. Sampson is a noble young man." Miss Clara: "Do you know him very well?" Miss Ethel: "Oh, yes; it was only a few months ago that I promised to be a sister to him."

In the English State papers is the following. "At Henley-upon-Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by Parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the wayside, on a market day, which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."

Masculinities.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

We never deceive for a good purpose; knavery adds malice to falsehood.

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat of arms of some individuals.

He approaches nearest the gods who knows how to keep silent, even though in the right.

A shrewd observer has learned that old maids love to kiss and fondle cats because they have whiskers.

Where diligence opens the door of understanding and impartiality keeps it open, truth is sure to find an entrance.

"Every woman wants the earth!" exclaims an old bachelor cynic. Not if you bring it into the house on your boots.

A New Jersey couple were recently married after a courtship of 24 years. This looks like a case of divorce before marriage.

It's one out of a hundred who knows that "present" on the outside of a letter is a verb in the imperative mood, not an adverb.

When a hat is wet with rain it should be dried with a silk handkerchief, brushed with a soft brush, and when it is nearly dry, with a harder brush.

You may wish to marry a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

Talk about your cigarette smoking! Here's a man over in Connecticut, who has just died, that smoked over 3,000 herrings a day. It was his business.

A Washington Territory man left $2000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

If an ordinary tall hat gets to look very shabby it may be renovated for a time by damping it well with a sponge dipped in beer or vinegar, then brushing it with a hard brush till dry.

A man said to his aged mother, speaking of his wife, "I do wish I could keep Mary from exaggerating so!" "Get her to talk about her own age," responded the shrewd old lady.

A Newark politician, who sets up for a grammar sharp, has somehow got the idea that "cicuse" is plural, and talks trippingly of this, that or the other "claw" in various enactments.

Brown says that choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you do not understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

"And do you really care a good deal about me?" he asked. "Yes," she answered; "quite a good deal. If you were to go away now, never to come back again, I should miss your horse and buggy very much."

Doctor Jack: "How's this—on the sick list?" Algy: "Ya-as. Weally, I cawn't stand this wild life! Three cigawettes and a glass of wine last night, and had to get up this morning before 9. I must weform."

"You are the most worthless man that ever made a woman's life intolerable, John." And a week afterwards she was suing a railroad company for $100,000 damages for killing John. The perversity of some women is past comprehension.

Husband, whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence: "You often used to say before we were married, 'Oh, George! I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'" Wife: "Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."

A young man in Mariana, Fla., dreamed that he made a balloon ascension, and descended by means of a parachute. On awakening he was disgusted to find that he was standing up in bed holding an open umbrella with a grip that made his hands ache.

"You sketch with a free hand, Miss Rackford," remarked the professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio. "Entirely free," said the young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion and waited for the professor to follow up the opening.

George McCurdy, aged 28, while promenading in Canton, Ohio, one Sunday night recently, dropped dead on the sidewalk, dragging the girl down with him. They were to have been married soon. McCurdy was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs.

The world is not entirely selfish. A Milwaukee man went to his pastor the other day and asked how much he needed to put his church out of debt, and on being told $3000, he wrote a check for the amount and handed it to the pastor, remarking that his sermons had done him more than $3000 worth of good.

Philadelphia aunt, severely: "As I glanced into the parlor last evening I saw you with a young man's arm around you." Chicago niece, calmly: "Yes, aunty, I was waiting for you to pass the door and see us. Young men are very slippery nowadays, and one can't have too many witnesses, you know."

Deacon: "I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome." Young man: "Thanks." Deacon: "I suppose you find church-going a great comfort?" Young man: "Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose hymn-book I helped to hold up?" Deacon: "Yes." Young man: "She's a great comfort, too."

As delicate a charity as I remember was the act of a gruff, taciturn old physician in a Colorado mining town. A poor, aged parson was carefully attended by the irritable doctor. When the preacher had sufficiently recovered to dispense with further medical attention he asked for his bill. "Your bill? Here it is," said the doctor, opening his pocket-book and handing the minister's wife a $10 bill.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Gunmaker of Moscow," one of the best known stories of the late Sylvanus Cobb, jr., has just been issued in book form by Cassell & Co., New York in their Library of Choice Fiction. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for October, is filled with the best of reading and pictures for younger children. Published at 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

"The Silver Look" and other stories from *Cassell's Magazine*, make a very entaining volume. The tales are all above the average short story in merit, and in originality and freshness depart widely from the usual collections in this shape For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, 20 cents.

"Ouida" opens *The Woman's World* for October, with a sharp attack upon the ugliness of "The Streets of London." "Tapestry Weaving," is an interesting paper with illustrations showing how the work is done. "Child Players of the Elizabethan Age," will be read with interest. "A Walk Through the Marais'," is as interesting as all these walks through European cities are bound to be "Charity," is the title of a poem by Arthur Symons. An amusing paper is the "History of the Bonnets o Queen Victoria's Reign." "Playgrounds and Open Spaces," read in the light of some recent park improvements in New York, will be interesting. Following this is a bunch of "Queen's Thoughts," from the pen of "Carmen Silva," Queen of Roumania. "Roman Women at the Beginning of the Empire," and "New and Popular Artistic Needlework," and then come Mrs. Johnstone's admirable papers on the fashions of the month. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The October number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is a special E. P. Roe number. First comes a summer idyl called "Queen of Spades," which shows that thorough knowledge of the best features of our country life that have marked all similar works by E. P. Roe. But his best apotheosis is his autobiography contained in this number, and entitled "A Native Author called Roe." The title is taken from one of Mat thew Arnold's essays on America, in which the critic glances slightingly at the novelist. William S. Walsh, in "Some Words about E. P. Roe," says that no one can lay the autobiography down "without increased respect and admiration for the good man who penned it." John Habberton starts a new serial, "At Last: Six days in the life of an ex-Teacher." "With Gauge & Swallow," Judge Tourgee's series of short stories is continued. Howard Seely has a dramatic episode of life in Paris, entitled "The Casts of a Die." "Brown Bread and Baked Beans; a Good-Humored Study of Boston." Fanny Davenport contributes "Some Childish Memories," in which Booth and Barrett figure, as well as her father and mother. There are five poems The answers to the One Hundred Questions are continued, and the departments all keep up their interest. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

TEACHING CANARIES TO SING.—When it is remembered that a canary who can whistle a tune commands a large price, it seems quite worth while to teach this accomplishment to the willing little creatures. It will pick up notes with surprising quickness. If you whistle an air repeatedly in the room he will soon endeavor to catch it.

Select your tune, repeat one bar of the music at a time; repeat the lesson over and over again until he has mastered it. Then go a step further, and so on, until the tune has been thoroughly caught. It is best to confine your teachings to a young bird.

Canaries are naturally tame, and yet, as a rule, I have found that birds who will allow themselves to be handled or petted are apt to do very little singing. The best singers I ever saw were very shy when an attempt was made to catch them. It is also better for their health that they should not be fondled.

"I have refused some fine offers for my feathered pet," says a bird fancier. "When the home organ is played, he instantly follows up with 'Hold the Fort,' or 'Home, Sweet Home.' He will sing as though his dear little throat would burst, and keep up the tune with such well regulated time that it is surprising. I myself taught him both tunes by the method given above, time and patience doing the work."

YOUNG Mr. Banks weighs a trifle over two hundred pounds, and is somewhat sensitive about it. He was calling on a Jersey City girl the other evening, when she said, naively: "Oh, Mr. Banks, would you just as leave sit in this easy-chair as in that rocker?" "Certainly, certainly," replied Banks gallantly, as he changed from one chair to the other. "Oh, thanks, thanks," she murmured, "you are very kind. I have an atlas full of such lovely terms under the cushion of that easy-chair, and you——" "Good-night," said Banks stiffly, as he walked away, never, never to return.

To accomplish a duty is to diffuse joy; and, as every moment of life holds a duty, it depends on us to surround ourselves with unceasing joy.

FOR beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

ON BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

THE chief thing that children need in these days, if they were brought up properly is a little wholesome leaving alone. Some parents seem as if they must be continually nagging their children, scolding them, or keeping them in order or threatening them, or petting them, or coaxing them, or feeding them, or amusing them.

Is it likely that children thus treated will become self-reliant and considerate for others? They get the idea that an eye is always upon them, and that they can follow their own impulses, no matter how foolish these may be, for they are sure to be stopped if they go wrong.

Also, unfortunately, they get the idea that if there is one place where, more than another, no peace of mind to be had, it is the place where they are in the company of their parents. They get the impression that comfort and quiet can be found where parents are not, and when they grow up they never think of asking their parents to share their pleasures; they only seek them when they want to get something out of them.

The habit of nagging is all the more disastrous when it takes the form of threats which are not carried out, and orders which are not insisted upon.

Thus, we hear parents say, "If you do not make less noise, I shall be very angry, and put you in the corner." The child continues to make the same noise, but is not put in the corner. "Put down that book," or "Take your feet off the chair." The book is not put down: the feet are not put down; and the only result is that the child acquires a contempt for the parent's authority which he does not lose as long as he lives.

By all means let parents supply children's actual needs; see that they are comfortably clad, that at regular times they have wholesome food; when they are in real trouble help them, and enter into their feelings of joy and grief, pain and pleasure. But when this is done, leave them alone. Do not worry them; give as few commands as possible, and never give a command without seeing that it is implicitly obeyed.

Another lesson which parents need to learn if they want to bring up their children properly is that the very worst thing they can do to a child is to beat it.

Even in these days there are people who believe very much in the rod, and they justify themselves by quoting Solomon; but probably if we could bring Solomon into court, we should not find him willing to approve the doings of his admirers.

The truth is that there may be occasions, when heinous offences have been committed, when bodily chastisement may do good, but such occasions are most rare, and it needs some one as wise as Solomon to decide when they occur; corporal punishment, as usually administered, does more harm than good.

It makes children selfish, cowardly and deceitful, and raises up a barrier between parents and children which years cannot remove. Without doubt there are good men and women to be found who were beaten when they were children; but these people grew up good notwithstanding the beatings they endured, not because of them.

In trying to bring up children well, it is a great thing to try and make them happy. Happy children are good children. To this end a wise parent will always be willing to grant his children's reasonable requests, and not refuse out of caprice, bad temper, or arbitrariness. Foolish parents often get into the way of saying, 'No you mustn't!" or "No, you shan't!" without thought. Then they think better of it and change their minds; or if the child cries or entreats, they yield. By behaving thus they are showing their own weakness, ruining the child's character, and destroying all chance of respect and kindly feeling between parents and children.

If to grant the request would be harmful or interfere with the comfort of others, refuse it by all means, and abide by the refusal; but do not refuse without a good reason. Let the child understand that the father and mother earnestly desire that h should be happy.

These are not by any means all the points to be attended to in bringing up children. To mention all would be to fill a volume. But they are the points in which mistakes are most frequently made and these mistakes are more productive of mischief than would be supposed.

ONE night an apparent tramp in Bent county, Col., gave a brakeman on a coal train fifty cents to let him ride to the next station. The brakeman took his place on the caboose, and the tramp got on a coal car, and as soon as the train started began throwing off coal. He had thrown off two tons or more by the time he reached the next station, when he got off and went back to meet a wagon that was following after and picking up the coal. The tramp was a shrewd but dishonest Bent county farmer.

A MICHIGAN undertaker has had a large tent made. Whenever he has a funeral on a rainy day he will place the tent over a grave so that the service may be held without any inconvenience.

NEGLECT kills injuries; revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills unless cured by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is ye reliable remedy of ye olden time.

PUTTING ONE'S FOOT IN IT.

"I NEVER open my mouth but I put my foot in it," was the curious complaint of an unlucky man, who might have received a consolation had he reflected on the number of offenders that daily keep him company.

The guardsman's remark to English nobleman who was in the habit of affably conversing with soldiers. "I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you," offers a very good example of the kind.

"How many deaths?" asked a hospital physician.

"Nine."

"Why, I ordered medicine for ten."

"Yes; but one would not take it," was the startling reply.

"Hillo! where are you going at this time of night?" said a gentleman to his servant. "You're after no good I'll warrant."

"Please sir, mistress sent me for you," was the response.

A child may often be expected to put his or her heedless little foot in it, as the phrase goes. For instance, a youngster begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a friend with whom he had been playing.

At the table the host anxiously inquired: "Charley, can you cut your own meat?"

"Humph!" said the youngster, who was sawing away; "can't I? I've cut up quite as tough meat as this at home."

People who are destitute of tact might take warning from such juvenile malaprops; but such does not often appear to be the case, judging by the numerous examples to the contrary.

A millionaire railway-king has a brother who is hard of hearing, while he himself is remarkable as having a very prominent nose.

Once this railway-king dined at a friend's house where he sat between two young ladies, who talked to him very loudly, rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing.

Finally, one of them shouted a commonplace remark, and then said in an ordinary tone to the other: "Did you ever see such a nose in all your life?"

"Pardon me, ladies," said the millionaire; "it is my brother who is deaf!"

Alluding to newspapers, it may be remarked that advertisers and unpractised writers therein through ambiguity of words and phrases often commit absurdities that may be touched on as further illustrating our subject.

A country paper once related how "during a celebration a child was run over wearing a short red dress, which never spoke afterwards."

In the description of the doings of a mad dog, it is said that "he bit a horse on the leg which has since died."

An account of a funeral says: "the remains were committed to that bourne from which no traveller returns attended by his friends."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words.

A Frenchman translated Shakespeare's line "Out brief candle," by, "Get out, you short candle. And the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

Advertisers often give us amusing specimens of composition, of which this is an example: "Lost by a poor boy tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel."

A miller attempted to testify to the merits of a powder for destroying vermin by saying: "A fortnight ago I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

Examples more of the "bull" genus also come under the title of this paper as cases in point.

For instance a newspaper was running a serial story called "The Truth." One week, so much space being devoted to other matters, the editor was unable to continue the story, so he made the following announcement, containing perhaps more truth than any other item in the paper: "'The Truth' was crowded out in this week's issue on account of the press of more important matter."

HE NEEDED A RECORD.—She was a self-respecting Chicago girl. He had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head and a blush on the soft cheeks. But he could not help saying something to fill in while he waited for her answer. "When I say I have never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips have never touched the lips of any woman's—except my mother's, my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm——" A look of strange wonderment came over the beautiful face and the deep eyes grew large as she listened most attentively. "Is that true, George?" she asked with hushed breath. "It is," he answered earnestly—"it is absolutely, literally true." The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose quickly to her full height and confronted him. "Then for goodness' sake, George," she said, "go off somewhere and practice till you get a record!"

LOG CABINS do not appeal strongly to modern notions of social life; they have had their day. But Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and "Tippecanoe" are as effective to-day as when the rugged health of the hardy pioneers was maintained by them.

A NEW USE FOR DOGS.—"A friend of mine, who lives in the suburbs, has a small boy, no more than five years old, I believe, who has an inverterate habit of running away," writes a Boston correspondent. "The child," he adds, "a sturdy, stout-legged little chap, of great courage and enterprise, whose father and mother have been put to a great deal of anxiety on his account. Sometimes he is found in the next town, sometimes by the railroad, and again in a certain pasture, where he enjoys the congenial society of several young colts, but it is always a matter of doubt where he will be discovered.

"Recently, however, the family have acquired a mongrel little terrier recommended for the purpose, who hunts up Sammy with unerring accuracy. Whenever Sammy is missing his mother shows his jacket to the dog and tells him to find the boy, whereupon the animal sets off with his nose to the ground, the hired man or somebody else following, and in due time the young vagabond is brought to bay. Surely there is a hint here for many anxious mothers.

A BAY CITY (Mich.) horse doctor stood talking to a friend the other day. The end of a bottle peeped out of the former's pocket. Along came a fellow looking for a drink. He spied the bottle and dexterously removed it from its hiding place. He took a big swallow and stopped with a jerk. It contained horse medicine made up of ammonia and other unpalatable liquids.

A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act.

Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine!

He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought!

No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow!

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is beturing. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabster chemist intent on making money, but the long-sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but olden power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

Humorous.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

The wind was high, his hat blew off
And rolled along the street,
"Save it!" he cried, and after it
He ran with nimble feet.

It stopped—he reached it—as he stooped
To take it up, a gust
Came suddenly, and off the hat
Went in a whirl of dust.

The sage, the fool, the grave, the gay,
Young, middle-aged and old,
The tall, the short, the lean, the fat,
The timid and the bold;

The rich, the poor, all laughed to see
The hat thus whirl and spin—
This is the touch of nature, sure,
That makes the whole world kin.

—U. S. NORR.

Plucky men—Poulterers.

Aids to reflection—Mirrors.

Moving waxwork—Bee-hives.

A designing man—The architect.

Epitaph for a boatman—Life is oar.

A bad sign—A defaced guide board.

A pair of slippers—A couple of eels.

Sound money—The organist's salary.

The coming man—The man for his rent.

Breeches of promise—Trousers bought on credit.

The latest out—The boy who is "kept after school."

Tastes differ—Especially the taste of castor oil and kisses.

A man wedded to his own ideas is a difficult chap to divorce.

A domestic broil usually makes a very unsatisfactory meal.

Always hanging around—The fellow who puts on wall paper.

A good hotel keeper is a man that one can always put up with.

A private tooter—The man who practices on the cornet in his room.

A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of "New Music."

"Yes," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love; but I am now living on my father-in-law."

When a man makes complaint that the times are too hard to make a living, isn't it very much like a liver complaint?

He: "Dearest, if I had known the tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a jolly hug." She: "Didn't you? Why, somebody did!"

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

It is all very well to say there is nothing in a name, but suppose a man named Slaughter should start a summer hotel, and call it the Slaughter House?

Uncle takes Tommy to the barber to have his hair cut. Barber: "Well, Tommy, how do you want your hair cut?" Tommy: "Oh, short, please, with a hole in the middle, like uncle's."

A well founded report. Miss Ethel, confidentially: "Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?" Miss Clara, with enthusiasm: "Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money."

Jones, to the club waiter: "Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?" Michael, hastily: "Willingly, sir!" Jones: "Well, Michael, that isn't very complimentary." Michael: "No, sir; I didn't mane that, sir. I wouldn't be seen there, sir."

"I would marry you," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons." "Oh, tell me," he said, imploringly, "what they are, that I may remove them!" "The first is," said she, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to."

They were sitting on the porch, and it was growing late. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked. "Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied. And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above. "Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove, and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."

Tourist, to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through the bay: "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" Seaman: "Ferry coot fushing inteet at times. If you'll not get them at wan time, you're sure to get them the same time again." Tourist, who thinks he will change the conversation: "How fast does this boat travel?" Seaman: "She can go half an hour in five minutes."

LOG CABINS are not recommended as model habitations for modern people. But Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's "Tippecanoe" are the simple but effective compounds which enabled the rugged pioneers to maintain health, and can be safely recommended to all.

A HANDSOME youth of Brooklyn, was arrested for annoying and insulting a 16-year old girl in the street. His father a rich and highly respected citizen, at once bailed the young masher, but marched him off to the home of the young lady he had offended and made him get down on his knees and ask her pardon.

WHAT is the difference between the first love and the last? It is that one always believes one's first love is the last, and one's last the first. "Where is the ideal wife?" exclaimed a lecturer, and a sweet voice was heard to reply: "She is engaged in a fruitless search for an ideal husband."

IF the flatiron is dirty tie up a piece of yellow beeswax in a rag, and when the iron is almost but not quite hot enough to use rub it quickly with the wax, and then with a coarse cloth.

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose,—"Old Time Doctoring."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulæ and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets.

They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded, as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

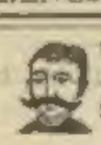
H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin remedies." Among these medicines will be a "sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," "Log Cabin extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin plaster," and a "Log Cabin liver pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

Reliable Goods.

On every hand in each and all lines of goods we see constant and unceasing effort being made to improve on former ideas and to produce what nearest approaches perfection. The tendency of the present day has been to a large degree toward the production of the greatest quantity for the least money; but it has been found that it is a false and mistaken idea, and one that bears poor fruit. Hence the success of the few who have had the foresight to see a slow but sure profit in making nothing but the best. It is but a few years ago that Ferris Bros. commenced the manufacture of the "Good Sense" corsets and corset waists. Their endeavor was to build up a trade for the future, and that they have succeeded is shown by their immense trade, which is continually increasing, and the high estimation in which the goods are held by the leading dry goods houses throughout the country. We call attention to the ladies' "Good Sense" corset waist which we illustrate. It is buttoned in front and laced all the way up the back, sizes 18 to 30 inches. The waists are made to suit all ages from the baby up, and possess many special improvements originated and patented by this firm.—*Ex.*



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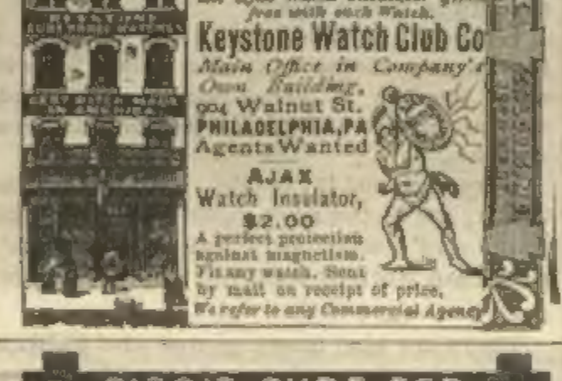
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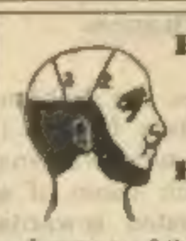

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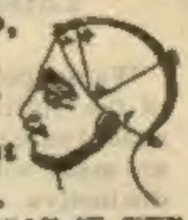

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

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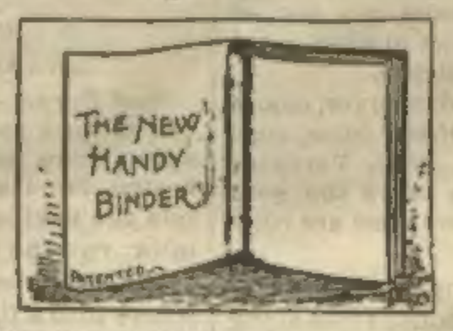

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Fleurs.

Water-spots are likely to be the fashion of the future—the immediate future—I should say; and some of the new woolens are made with skirts in which those of a distinctive color are graduated towards the top, the silk trimming used matching the tone of the spots.

The Incroyable jackets cut straight at the waist, having large buttons at the side, where they fly open, and with revers at the neck in some solid color, are much worn, with full vests and striped skirts; for example, a mauve and white striped cotton or wool skirt with a soft silk jacket.

Stripes are often so treated on one dress that they look like two stuffs; for example, many skirts are horizontally tucked, which reduces the stripes to a solid mass of color, and then over-draped with the fabric left in its original condition.

Sleeves tucked at the shoulders and wrist leave the elbow-piece of a different width of stripe. Wide moire sashes are universally worn at the back, and threaten to be so considerably wider as to form a train-piece in themselves.

Camel's hair Cheviots with cloth effects are stylish new materials, combining the features of several popular stuffs, being as soft as camel's hair, yet firmer to the touch, and are bordered in cloth colors of contrasting shade, or else in bands of darker shade of the color of the ground.

Buffalo cloths have fleecy surfaces much rougher than camel's hair, and are plain with a border, or else they have chain figures in outline all over the ground, or they are striped, and are especially effective in ombre stripes, going through several shades of color in contrast to that of the ground; thus there are gray-blue ground with grey ombre stripes or borders, rosewood with brown stripes, white grounds with gray, and rosean with either red or gray stripes.

There are also very large ombre cross-bars, with the centres three or four inches square, in beautiful color, such as ombre gray bars on pale blue fleecy grounds, and dull red on dark blue.

Foundation skirts are not changed in shape, and those of dresses made for early winter are furnished with two steels and a small pad bustle. The steels are placed low, and are not tied across tightly, hence they do not give the large curved effect formerly seen.

In some cloth gowns, in order to render the skirt less weighty and warm the pad is omitted, and a small tournure is formed just below the belt by three short curved steels run in casings on the foundation skirt and tied back, precisely as is seen in the small cambric bustles sold in all the stores.

Foulard is not too cool for wearing yet, and is a fabric with so much to commend it is likely to find favor a year hence.

White printed on a color is being superseded by colors printed on white; but they are not so generally serviceable.

Foulard parasols are ingeniously painted; they recall some of the pretty figures on Dresden china; and so does a very popular style of dress, the bodice low, but filled in with a fichu of mousseline de soie. Jabots of wide hemmed and pleated lisse make dowdy dresses fit for fetes, and with a few yards of muslin and soft silk those who have clever fingers contrive to make an endless variety with but few gowns.

Gold and silver are promised another season of favor, and are used to brighten up dark shades of ladies' cloth, where they form a girdle or peasant waist, or a vest, or collar and cuffs, done almost in solid metal by fine threads in close stitches.

This embroidery for gold or silver, comes ready for gowns of cloth of any color, dull Florentine green, bronze, gray, Veronese red, or blue, and in most cases the gold and silver, or else, gold and steel are combined.

There are also gold, copper, and silver embroidered borders in slender vines along one selvedge of dark cloths that will make very tasteful trimmings, and will be used by fastidious women who object to large masses of metal work as too showy.

Hoods are a head covering which, in our time, we elect to adopt almost entirely for ornament, not use, though their serviceable capabilities are far greater than are realized in modern days.

Pelerines with hoods lined with a bright color, which serves to redeem them from dowdiness are made to wear with most of the autumn gowns, as they are slipped on in a minute; and the dress is equally complete without them.

Flat fronts in pleats from belt to foot, or else long draperies that nearly cover the lower skirt, are seen on the new dresses.

The strictly Empire style forbids much fulness in the front of the skirt, but it is found more generally becoming to catch up the front breadths slightly on each side just below the waist, and to gather the front breadths to the belt.

When separate drapery is preferred it is very long indeed, and usually hooked up above the edge of the corsage, sometimes only in the back, giving a princesse effect, and sometimes all around the hip; the latter plan conceals the whole edge of the corsage, and gives the newest round waist, which now dispenses with a belt and curves out slightly an inch or two below the waist line, showing the graceful tapering of the figure, while the drapery gives stylish fulness about the hips.

Coat sleeves prevail in thick fabrics, but are fuller at top and have elaborate cuffs. Collars are very high at the back, but the front is susceptible of great variety, sometimes have a short vest collar, which may be straight, or pointed downward to show the throat, or else the front may omit any collar just below the throat, and the vest be merely cut high, with rounded corners lapping in a very pretty way.

There are a great many turn-down collars of velvet or the other fabric used for trimming the dress, but these are as high in the back as the standing collars, and in many cases are sewed to standing bands.

For colored trimmings to be used on black, as well as on colors, the cashmere or Parisian galoons are most largely imported.

These are embroideries of mixed metal threads with a great deal of gold in most of them, and the ground is entirely covered, as if incrusted, giving a very rich effect, some chenille is wrought in occasionally, as antique needle-work, and a few colored beads are introduced.

White cord with gilt cords are combined with white crystal beads that have golden centres; black cut jet beads are also associated with beads of white and gold. Scrolls, leaves, stars, palms, arabesques are the designs on the new passementerie in colors and in black alike.

Large black beads are in the outlines of leaves and stems that are filled in with steel beads. A great many steel bead trimmings are shown for black and gray dresses.

Very fine cut jet beads, both large and small, are in the new open-patterned galloons and gimps, and these will be a safe purchase, notwithstanding the fact that colored beads are little used.

There are also many gimps and galloons without beads, made up of large cords and open meshes and nettings, small Milan balls and drops arranged to give a light open lace-like effect.

Crocheted silk passementeries will be largely used, and there are crocheted wheels and centres of figures in corded gimps. The durable mohair braid passementeries for trimming woollen dresses are very tasteful.

Fringes are revived with old-fashioned knotted headings with drops below, and also rich spiked fringes, the slender drops wrapped with silk, and the headings of open passementerie.

Garnitures for mantles or dress waists are shoulder pieces in yoke shape, deeply pointed in front, made up of the large silk like those of passementeries.

Slender designs run right and left to form the fronts of dress trimmings, and there are double rows of palms, to be separated as the garment may require and pretty little twisted cords and vines for heading other trimmings.

Odds and Ends.

A VARIETY OF RECEIPTS.

Seed Bread.—Take one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, a few caraway seeds, one egg well beaten, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix the baking powder with a little cold milk; rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the egg, and lastly mix the whole into a light dough with a light milk. A few raisins would be an improvement to this very modest receipt, which costs little and will keep for days. Bake in a slow oven, forming in the shape of buns on the tin you bake in.

Buttered Eggs or "Rumbled Eggs."—Break two or three eggs into a small stew-pan, put in a table-spoonful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, set the pan over a moderate fire and stir the eggs with a spoon, being careful to keep all in motion till the eggs are set. Make a slice of toast, and pour the eggs on it, light pepper the top, and then serve.

Potatoes "a la Maitre d'Hotel."—Put a tablespoonful of butter into your pan, melt it, mix smoothly into it a small tablespoonful of flour. Then stir slowly in a pint of milk. Stir constantly until the milk begins to rise, when it is done. Then put in your cold potatoes, cut in slices, and add a little parsley chopped up finely. The potatoes are ready to serve as soon as they are hot throughout.

An Easily Made Omelet.—Take a tablespoonful of flour, add enough water, or milk, to make a thin batter. Beat up two eggs very well, and add them to it, with a pinch of salt, and a little chopped up ham, or parsley. Pour the mixture into a well-greased pan, and fry to a light brown; turn and roll when done.

Ham Toast.—Chop up very finely the lean of a little boiled ham, beat up the yolk and white of an egg, and mix with the ham; adding a little milk to make a soft batter. Scald it over the fire, stirring it all the time; have ready some well-buttered toast, pour the mixture on it, and then serve.

Apple and Lemon Sauce.—Boil half a pint of water, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, till it becomes a rich syrup. Add the grated peel and juice of a large lemon, and a pound of apples, weighed after they had been peeled, cored and cut small. Boil till reduced to a pulp, put into a jar. This sauce will keep for a year if needful.

Cheap Marmalade.—Add to twelve sweet oranges, one lemon, squeeze out the juice, and boil out the rinds till quite tender. Then cut into chips, taking out the seeds. Add to the juice, with a pound of sugar to every pound of orange peel. Boil for an hour over a slow fire, and when it begins to fasten it is done.

Macaroni and Cheese.—Take two ounces of macaroni, boil for three-quarters of an hour, strain off the water; make a sauce of two tablespoonsful of corn flour and a little milk; put into the saucepan and boil. Then add the macaroni, and sprinkle in four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, add a little butter and pepper, stir up well for a quarter of an hour, and serve. This may also be baked in the oven, with a little more cheese and butter on the top to make it brown, and then served up "macaroni cheese."

Stewed Tomatoes.—Take a third part of the contents of a tin of tomatoes, or three or four fresh, cut up, put them into a saucepan on the fire, and add breadcrumbs to thicken them, a small lump of butter, pepper and salt. Boil for about fifteen minutes or so.

Tomato Soup.—Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, put them on the fire in a small saucepan and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed up with a little butter, when hot, add a pint of milk, boil till thick enough and serve. This is delicious tomato soup, and, with bread, will form a good dinner.

Apple and Rice.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice. When tender stir in two or three tablespoonfuls of stewed apples, a little piece of butter and sugar to taste. Serve hot. Any kind of fruit may be substituted for apples in the summer if already stewed.

Fruit Toast.—Make several rounds of dry toast, pour over them sufficient water to soften it. Have ready a dish of stewed fruit of any kind with plenty of juice, and while it is boiling hot, put the toast in layers in a deep dish, and pour the hot fruit over each layer of toast. The latter will absorb so large a portion of the juice as will surprise you, and the dish is a most agreeable one.

Cocoa-nut Cream.—Grate a fresh sweet cocoanut (having first peeled, washed and wiped it dry) mix with it an ounce of sugar; melt in as little water as possible three quarters of an ounce of gelatine; whip the whites of three eggs, mix them with half a pint of milk, and stir over the fire until the custard thickens; sweeten with six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir the gelatine and a full half-pint of grated cocoanut with the cocoanut milk into the custard. Whip half a pint of thick cream solid and stir it very carefully into the custard; when the latter is quite cold, but before it sets, flavor with a little vanilla or lemon extract. Mould and set on ice.

Ice Pudding.—Make a custard with a pint and a half of milk, one whole egg and the yolks of four others, and a quarter of a pound of sugar; when cold add half a glass of brandy, a glass of Maraschino, an ounce of citron cut fine, and a quarter of a pound of dried fruits, and an ounce of pistachio-nuts, the fruits cut up in small pieces, the pistachio nuts blanched and split; mix well; and lastly add half a pint of whipped cream. When well frozen, pack into a pudding mould, and bury in ice and salt till wanted.

It is something to be good; but far better to be good for something.

Confidential Correspondents.

UNHAPPY.—It is a matter which no outsider can decide for you.

MARY.—It is all a matter of fancy; rings are not usually worn on the forefinger.

W. B.—Your tattoo marks are indelible. You cannot remove them if they are deeply set in the skin.

ANXIOUS.—You have been engaged to a shuffler. Those weak fellows who listen to objectionable stories are the most dangerous people in the world.

ETIQUETTE.—The lady to whom you have been introduced, if she wishes to keep up the acquaintance, would, on meeting you, bow; if she did not do this, you would conclude that she did not wish to know you.

ELSIE L.—Amongst "the best qualities in a man" we should name honor (including truth), magnanimity, courage, and a chivalrous feeling towards the other sex.

ROSY.—The "Whiteboys" were a secret agrarian association organized in Ireland about the year 1760, and were so called because they wore white shirts in their nightly expeditions.

STUDENT.—Catherine, Marie, and Anne were all used in France as men's names, and we find them frequently in history. There are also some modern examples of interchangeable names, Evelyn, Frances, and others.

BEAUFORT.—The best hours for sleep are starting from ten or half-past, a period of six to eight hours, according to the strength of the individual. Some require more than others. Our own opinion is that most people require eight hours' sleep. Cod-liver oil will do you no harm. A tea-spoonful twice a day after meals will be quite enough for you.

C. MAJOR.—"Mrs. Grundy" belongs to the circle which includes "Duke Humphrey." "Mr. Nobody." "Mrs. Harris," and such like people. "Grundy" represents the censor of society, the opinion of a narrow-minded and obtrusively criticising public, pronouncing its dogmatic opinions with scant kindness and liberality. The name and idea connected with it are taken from Thomas Morton's play, "Speed the Plough," 1798.

KATIE.—The rector of an English parish has the charge of it, and owns the tithes. When the incumbent is a vicar, he acts for a layman, to whom the ecclesiastical revenues of the parish belong, and who receives a portion of them to enable him to devote his time and energies and employ his education (made with reference to his holy vocation) for the benefit of his "cure of souls." A curate is an assistant clergyman, salaried by the rector or vicar.

ADDIE.—You appear to have brought your troubles pretty much upon yourself; if you neither answered the young man's letter, nor met him when you had given him to understand you would do so, you can hardly expect him to trouble himself much more about you. If you really care to heal the breach, which you have made yourself, your only way is to acknowledge your silly fault and make it up with him, if he is willing; if he is not, you can do nothing.

ZOO.—Nine[illegible] of the mammalia in confinement are subject to heart disease. The elephants are heirs to many diseases, but the most common and fatal is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally die from bronchial affections and heart disease; felines, such as lions, tigers, leopards, etc., from dysentery and heart disease; deer, antelopes, etc., suffer most from dysentery and heart disease; while wolves, dingoes, and foxes, don't seem to be subject to any disease except "pure cussedness."

DESPAIR.—You have nothing very serious to be sad about. You are like many good-hearted and impulsive girls who blurt out careless words. Try to count twelve before you say anything sharp, and be especially careful when you are in very high spirits. If you do make a blundering speech, apologize for it as speedily and frankly as possible; and avoid all such morbid fancies as those which now attack you. Once begin to think that people dislike you or that they are angry with you, and all your natural unconsciousness and charm must disappear.

SHELLEY.—Many men of genius marry good, commonplace women; but happily they are not such scoundrels as to make their wives outcasts over a question of intellectual differences. If a man makes his bargain, he may be miserable, but he must take the consequences of his action to the bitter end. We have known refined and cultured men who suffered acute mental agony from the coarseness and vulgarity of their wives. Such cases are among the saddest of all tragedies; but steady endurance is necessary, or else society must dissolve into anarchy and ruin. If Shelley's fate only acts as a warning to clever and impulsive young men, we may count his martyrdom—if he was a martyr—as a gain to society at large. Pray get your high-flown notions about "genius" out of your head.

REPUBLIC.—The varieties of color noticeable in sea when near land may be accounted for by the reflection of certain land colors forming special combinations of hue; also by seaweeds and corals, by under-currents, and by blasts of wind on the surface. Again, the varieties in blue and green tints are due to greater or less proportions of salt held in solution. When very salt the water is intensely blue, and as it becomes fresher, near the mouths of large rivers, it changes to a green-blue or blue-green, or bright green. When there is much sand it looks of a lawn color, especially when rough. Sometimes the sea looks red, yellow, brown, or purple, from large masses of seaweed, and also from microscopic diatoms and myriads of animal organisms, extending over vast plains of the Southern seas.

LEARN.—1. At twenty-five you are not too old to learn type-writing, nor would you be if you were as old again. 2. Short sight is certainly not an advantage; whether or not it is a serious drawback depends upon the extent to which your sight is affected. 3. The process is so easily mastered, and so little general knowledge or intelligence is required, that the supply of labor is quite equal to the demand. Wages, therefore, are low. 4. "Does it rank as a profession which a lady of respectable connections may adopt?" It doesn't rank as a profession at all; it no more comes into that category than does the calling of a compositor. If you are under the influence of the considerations suggested by this question, you had better turn your mind to something very different from type-writing.